Aug 26, 1920 Daily Express

AT THE SEASIDE.

ay.

parents, one of whom is
e boy's name is Yglesias
re to use it. My brother
ne to Hibb a year ago—
new way. . . . Barbara
an article on darning-

* * *

quested by a correspon-
your immense influence
y graphophone companies
them to make a record
ng "Sur le Pont d'Avig-

band of the Wavelings,
Mr. Thake's revenge for
y I have brought upon
ed the poor correspondent
the graphophone people
re mention of my name?
ing I have to be sung, and
paniment.
ong chose that I once saw an
knee-breeches and kid
also in Avignon that I
ve a gymkhana. At the
ight stretch was a stone
the riders pulled up in
ged if I know.

* * *

tined now. It is a tourist
ong the old bridge and
the Popes and the
ns; and the restaurants
t is much better to clear
the Mont Ventoux,
rty or so kilometres to
so to Arles.

* * *

t For Swimmers.

eaky to join the Channel-
, I cannot imagine why
d sit on shore in one
Channel. The fun be-
nd Gris Nez is fast and
competitor is seasick,
ng a large fish, a third
hauled out of the water.
the way, the man who
the Channel was wearing
to make his strokes more
ing a large fish, a third
-footed candidate will be
d then an enterprising
have an auxiliary engine
thing dress. Every one
y I.

* * *

the Epic.

has by the time you read
ing will have happ-
eather. What is the good
of technical nonsense to
essions and records and
? All I know is that I
d to dread and that the
ny. In such weather as
Tasso, whose intimates
ll, wrote the last word
h and last book of his
epic, "Jerusalem De-
a, as you might guess, is
ueaders, and, as you cer-
ot guess, the loves of
phronia, and of Tancred
And what did Tasso say
ing? He said,
ess, that's over. Phugh!
y, bring wine!" And
ing, I would say some-
me kind.

* * *

buy that concealed fool,
our own price, and sell
that a profit you would

BEACHCOMBER.

JOSEPH.

ll!
ly young moles,
e bees (both alive),
ake (also alive),
e neighbour's bullfinch,
(very much alive).
included his unfailing
ns. Joseph (which he
house, to play with, not
lla loathes beetles more
else in the world); nor
details about his attitude
s in life towards
dogs, beyond men-
tioning that Baker
down the road,
who owns a large
Alsatian, came in
only regretted
complain, and to
show me what
Simonie had done

The Year In Its Beauty.

By WARWICK DEEPING.

(The Novelist.)

I remember being fascinated as a small child by a picture of a green meadow with clumps of daffodils abloom in it, and walking across the meadow a girl in a Kate Greenaway costume. I think the picture was called "Phyllis and the Daffodils." Anyway, it should have been prophetic, for my wife's name is Phyllis, and I confess to a mild excitement whenever the buds of the daffodils begin to turn yellow.

But when the daffodils are spearing up, the earth is as its shabbiest. The grass is dingy, the elm last year's coat worn to a yellowish brownness by the winter weather. The woods look black and wintry. Even the arable land has a worn and frayed texture. But there are signs of spring's stirring, catkins on the hazels, a pulsing of the woods as the buds swell, shoots on elder and lilac, yellow celandines starring moist banks.

Spring is seen of all, because she comes as the desired and the beloved, with wild cherry blossom in the woods, where every tree has its own greenness. I can never forget the sense of beauty between the emerald tassels of the larch—and the vivid, metallic green of young beech leaves, the cherry blossom buds, bronze and gold, have an exquisite magic of their own.

Bud and Blossom.

Spring offers us more contrasts than any other season. There is the colour of the bud, and the colour of the unfolded leaf. The green gradations are infinite. In the spring we get green greenrings, yellow-green—green glooms.

As for our English flowers—can they be surpassed? An English beechwood full of bluebells moves one more than does an Alpine meadow or the flowery margins of the Nile.

Then comes the tangle of June. The orchards have shed their whiteness on the upreaching grass, and the hawthorn hedgerows are dotted with the red sorrel—and the white daisies stand in the thick of grass leaves, spikes of silver, plumes that in the mass verge from a greyish brown to pinks and purples. Ragged robins and foxgloves lighten their lamps. The great umbelliferous cover banks—and could corners—are a mass of the hedgerows with a cloud of whiteness.

Suddenly summer is with us in her fullness. The wheat begins to fall to the reaper, and the rippling silver changes to a tawny stillness. Wheat, green blue at the throat, ripens, grows yellow, and is harvested. Pale fields contrast with the heavy green of the woods and of the hedgerows at its back. bracken, too, is more sombre. In the gloom of the pinewoods you see the wildness of the bracken.

August is a tired month and apt to be prosaic and dull. But with September a touch of that strangeness returns, that indefinable sweet sadness which is in a month of dew, in the grass grey in the morning, and the sunlight shining upon a great stillness. Apples are colouring, the leaves of the grass regains its vividness. The gardens revive, and their colours regain a lost brilliance.

Mist and Splendour.

Autumn comes. A few trees begin to show autumn tints. The acacias—most graceful and vexing of trees—begin to yellow. Mists and mellow sunlight and splendid. Old pear trees flame. In the woods the spring is repeated, for the lingering greenness seems to grow more vivid in contrast with the golds and reds and bronzes. On old lawns, under old trees, there is the spectacle of the fallen leaves, a patterning of gold, a beauty so exquisite that one is loath to use the broom. Women covet the red branches of the wild cherry to mix with the last of the Michaelmas daisies.

Splendour, misty mornings, stillness, dampness, and the sweet smell of burning of the year, wind, rain, the tapestry of the woods torn to tatters. With the first frost the leaves shower down. There is a suddenness about everything, the smell of decay. The bracken loses its majesty, and rusts and crumbles to a wet brown.

In our gardens we hurry the wreckage away. Fires blaze red in the dusk, and the pungent scent of burning weeds and plant stems and hedge clippings drifts with the blue smoke. The stubbles have browned under the plough. The colours of the landscape are dim, soft browns, greys, greens, black. The spade comes into its own again. Death is with us—and life.

On the South Coast.

MR. WARWICK DEEPING AT HOME

AMONG novelists of to-day, Mr. Warwick Deeping has a very large circle of readers, not only in this country, but also abroad, for many of his books—*Sorrel and Son* in particular—have been translated into many other languages. He is indeed a most engaging and ingenious writer. His books—*The Road, Old Pybus, Blind Man's Year, The Woman at the Door, Roper's Row, The House of Spies, The White Gate, Exiles, No Hero This*, and many others, including, latest of all, *The Man Who Went Back*—are evidence of great industry, and the outcome of research combined with the art of story-telling. Mr. Deeping, however, did not set out to be a novelist.

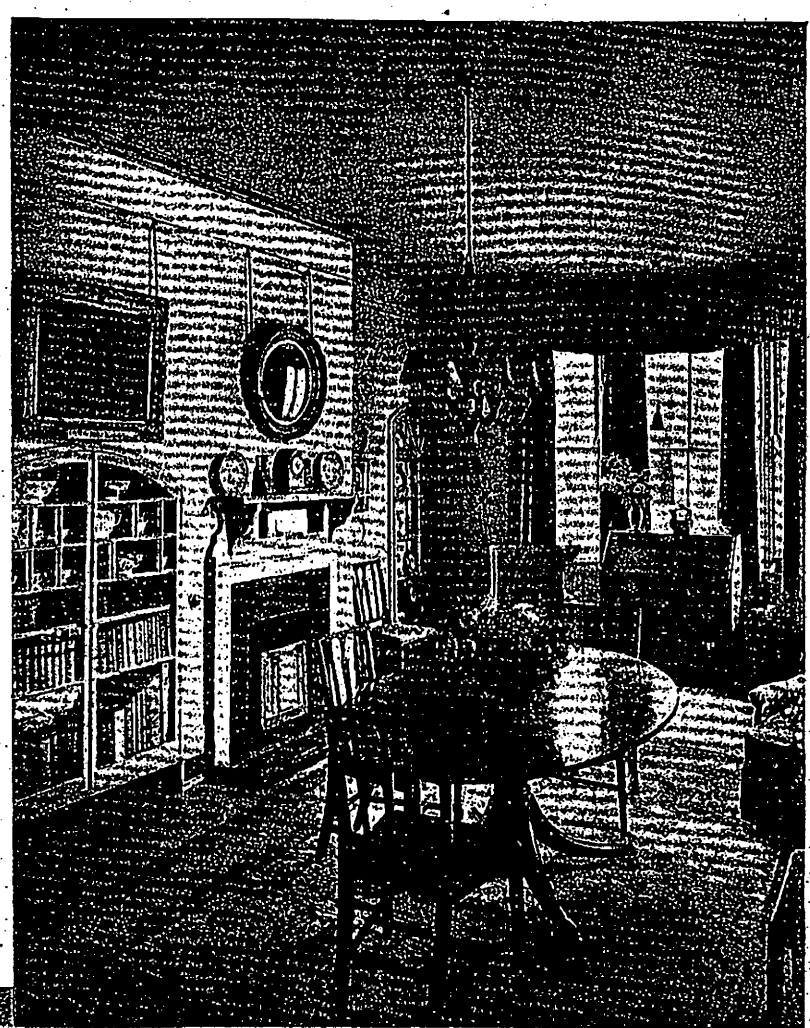
"Eastlands," Weybridge, is an old house to which alterations and additions have been made by succeeding owners. Above is a view of the entrance front from the drive, the wing on the right containing the dining-room with bedroom above. The garden front is shown by the illustration on the left. A pergola extends across this side of the house, and in front of it is a sunk garden with pool laid out in a formal scheme.

After taking his degrees at Cambridge (he is both M.A. and M.B.) he went to the Middlesex Hospital and afterwards practised as a doctor for a year. Then came the War. He joined the R.A.M.C., and was on active service in Gallipoli, in Egypt and in France. Having done his "bit," throughout four years of strain and trial, the time came to settle down once again to normal conditions of peace-time life. It was then that he and his wife took the house at Weybridge which is shown by the accompanying illustrations. It is an old house—dating from 1780—to which alterations and additions have been made from time to time, and, like many another of its kind, has had a varied occupancy. Its name is said to be that of a baker who originally built it. Later it was the home of Fanny Kemble, who, among other things, constructed an amphitheatre at the end of the lawn on the entrance side of the house, to provide a stage for open-air performances in a woodland setting where she acted with her aunt, Sarah Siddons. This raised earthwork still

Portrait by Bassano.

remains amid the trees, and there is an added sense of the stage in the marble busts of Roman emperors on pedestals, and various statues and vases in clipped green alleys, which enliven the drive up to the house from the boundary wall. Altogether the grounds around the house embrace three acres. It was all in a very wild state when Mr. Deeping took the property more than twenty years ago, but now displays a keen sense of orderliness. On the south side especially, extending across the house, is a formal garden with a rectangular pool surrounded by flower beds and decked with garden ornaments, this space having a pergola around two sides of it, while across the further long side is a stone balustrade which divides this part of the garden from a woodland portion, where a little pillared temple and other garden ornaments, fawns and satyrs, enliven and give variety to the scene. In this setting the house stands established and serene, its walls cream-washed and overspread by climbers, including a fine magnolia and a vine on the south front. Against the cream walls, doors and windows painted a soft blue-green are in pleasant contrast.

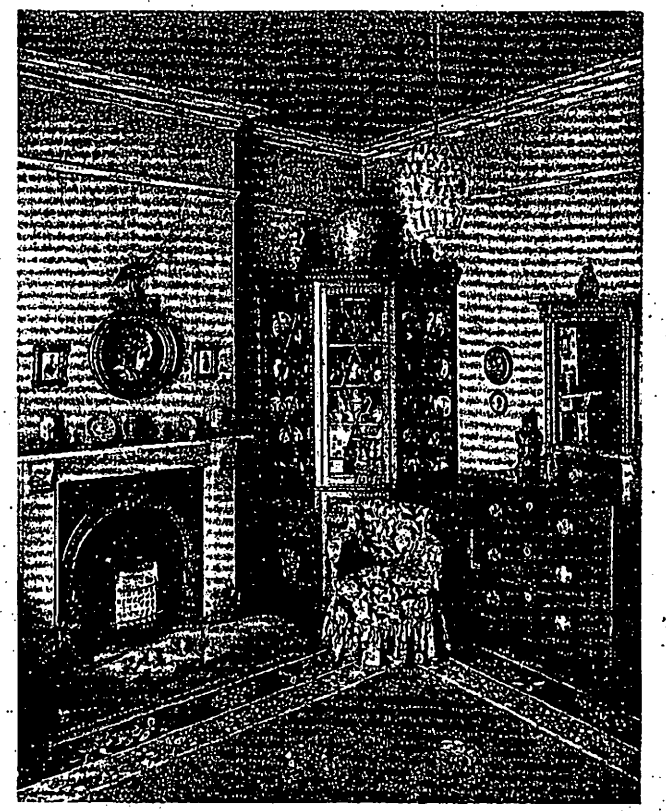
Entering the house, we come into a small hall with doors opening into the sitting-room and morning-room, and a passage leading to the dining-room, which is in the projecting wing on the entrance front. In these rooms and throughout the house there is a marked feeling of homeliness. Neither Mr. Deeping nor his wife has any leanings towards those modern



Two views of the dining-room. It is furnished with old mahogany, the chairs having seats worked in cross-stitch by Mrs. Deeping. A most decorative flower painting hangs on the wall on the left, and an old portrait above the semi-circular side-board at the end of the room.

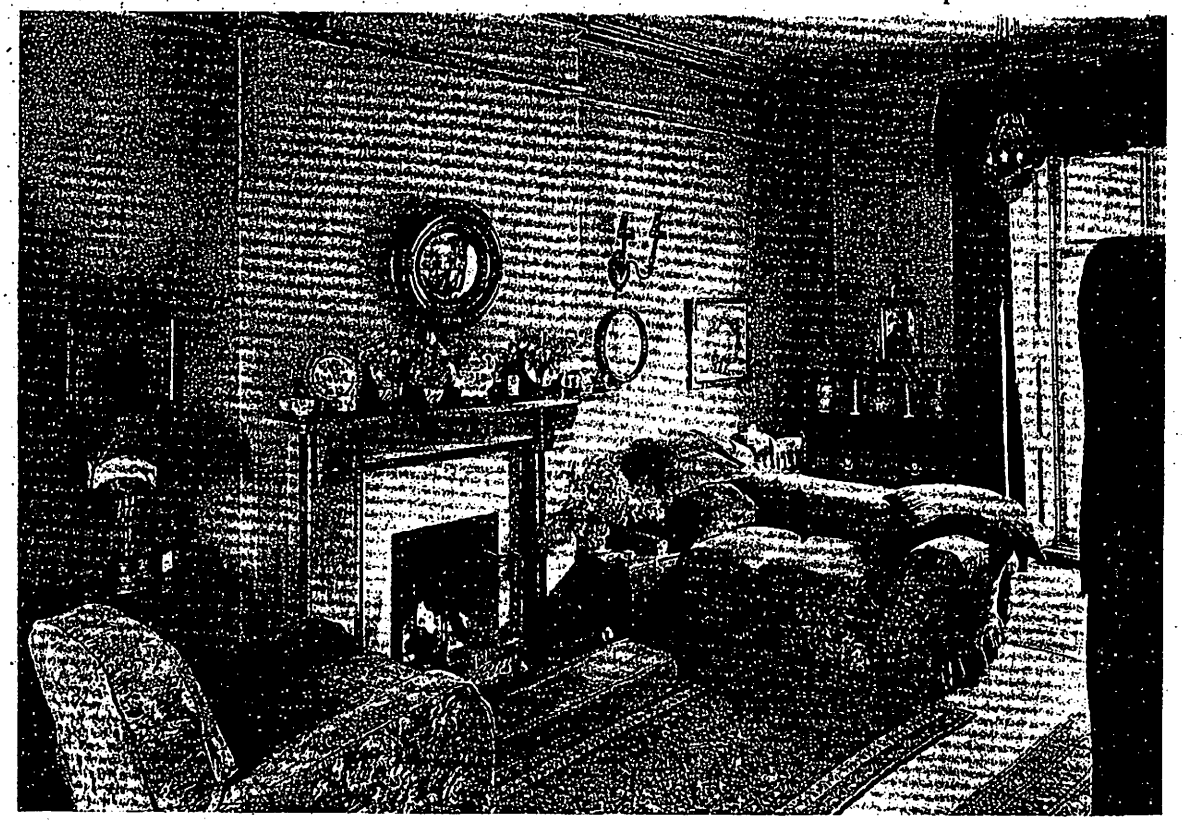
ways of home-making, those machines to live in, which are an ephemeral cult that strives above all for effect. Instead, the rooms in this house are regarded as suitable for everyday living, and as a restful background for those who occupy them. On every hand a love of old things is revealed, in fine furniture, and in an extensive collection of old china, glass and needlework which is Mrs. Deeping's especial pride. To contain some of these pieces she herself designed and decorated the lacquered cabinet which occupies one corner of the morning-room, and her own industrious fingers have worked most beautifully the cross-stitch seats of the dining-room chairs, as well as pictures of flowers that add incident to the walls of the sitting-room.

The accompanying illustrations of the principal rooms must be left to speak for themselves, but it may be noted that a mottled buff paper in the downstairs rooms gives continuity of background, while change of effect is produced by a grey felt floor covering in the sitting-room, overspread with Oriental runners, with curtains of plum-coloured velvet and chair covers patterned with large flowers on a soft brown ground; in the dining-room by a Chinese yellow linoleum with large rugs, and yellow velvet curtains; while in the morning-room there is a Chinese silk carpet with petunia centre and borders in shades of light and dark blue.



A view in the morning-room. In the corner is a black lacquer cabinet specially designed to contain a collection of china.

Adjoining the house on the west side, and approached along stone-paved paths, is a cottage which has been adapted to make, for the most part, a long low room with a close-boarded floor for dancing. In normal times this is a charming place for entertaining, and here too is evidence of another side of Mr. Deeping's industry, for he is a skilled handyman, and in his workshop can produce as great variety as with his pen. ROBERT STANLEY.



The sitting-room. It is a very comfortable room with a window at each end. The floor is covered with grey felt overspread by rugs, and the settee and easy chairs have loose covers patterned with large flowers on a beech-brown ground.

1908 SEPT 5 HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS OBSERVER

A LOCAL NOVELIST.

CHAT WITH MR. WARWICK DEEPING.

HOW HE BEGAN TO WRITE.

THE RECEIPT OF THE FIRST CHEQUE.

One of the most prominent English novelists of the present day is Mr. Warwick Deeping, the son of our esteemed townsman, Dr. Deeping, J.P. Norman Fraser contributes to "Cassell's Magazine" a chat with Mr. Warwick Deeping (who now resides at Gate Cottage, Battle), which will be appreciated by our readers. The article is also very interesting for its allusions to Mr. Coulson Kernahan, now a Hastings resident, and to Mrs. Warwick Deeping, who was a Hastings lady. The article is as follows:—

"It was once said unkindly that a novelist was usually a man who had failed at everything else before turning writer. There was an element of truth in the gibe. Famous novels, it is true, have been written by authors whose experience of the great world was small—for example, 'Jane Eyre.' But, as a rule, an essential of the novelist's equipment is a wide and varied experience of life. And so among the novelists we find all sorts and conditions of men. Some of them have followed the drum, others have chosen the sea. Peers and ploughboys, great ladies and little governesses, lawyers, clergymen, Members of Parliament, have all added their quota to the mass of English fiction. The most unlikely men, apparently, have written stories, and made a success at the work. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, the author of 'John Inglesant,' was a chemical manufacturer, you will remember; Bart Kennedy was for many years a tramp, and has not yet lost his love of wandering. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P., took a long turn on the stage; and Mr. W. W. Jacobs was an efficient postal servant before he blossomed out as a humourist. In the dusty archives of the land revenue records Mr. Maurice Hewlett spent many years. In short, the ranks of literature, especially of fiction, are recruited from every class of men—and women.

W. M. Jerrold was an earnest poetic servant before he blossomed out as a humourist. In the dusty archives of the land revenue records Mr. Maurice Hewlett spent many years. In short, the ranks of literature, especially of fiction, are recruited from every class of men—and women.

"Medical men who have become novelists, however, are to be counted on the fingers of one hand. At least, in the past I can only think of Mr. Samuel Warren, of 'Ten Thousand a Year' fame; in the present of Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, who is M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (though I believe he never actually practised), Dr. Gordon Stables, and the subject of this sketch, Mr. Warwick Deeping, M.B., M.A.

"'I was born at Southend-on-Sea, where my father was a well-known doctor—he has now retired—was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and after taking my M.B. and M.A. at Cambridge—I was at Trinity—I acted as assistant to a country doctor until the publication of 'Uther and Igraine' decided me finally to abandon medicine. I really think that's all. Let's have some tea.'

"Thus Mr. Deeping, whom I found at his home at Battle, Sussex, an old, old farmhouse, modernised, of course, but so tenderly and skilfully than its ancient beauties of oak and rafter—such oak!—have been in no way spoilt!

"A delightful man, Mr. Deeping, but he does not understand being interviewed. And so firmly, but I hope gently, I put him 'on the rack.'

"'Any literary history in the family? No, the family tree on both sides is mainly of medical knowledge. I believe my mother's father used to write, but never for publication.

tion.

"'My first ambition? Oh! I don't know. Like most boys, I was very fond of playing with and at soldiers, and at one time I was keen on going into the Army, but my eyesight put an end to any idea of that kind, apart from the fact that it was always more or less settled that I should follow in my father's footsteps. My early days at Southend were quite uneventful, the only thing I can think of as possibly worth mentioning being that one of the friends of my boyhood was Coulson Kernahan, who, as his many admirers know, has used Southend as a background for his detective stories. Of course, Kernahan was some years older than I—Mr. Deeping is only thirty—but he has a "way" with children, and we were—and are—great friends.

"'My literary beginnings? Well, I don't think I scribbled at all until I went to Cambridge. Sir Walter Scott has influenced me more than any other writer. In fact, I should not be wearing eye-glasses to-day but for my early passion for Scott. I used to travel up to school—where, by the way, I was always at the bottom of the class—from Southend every day, and the journey up and down (and my vision) was shortened by reading Scott in small print in the by no means dazzlingly illuminated carriages of the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway.

"'I loved history and historical romances of all kinds, but Scott's novels were easily first in my affections. Later came Keats, and, indeed, my earliest efforts were in the form of verse of which I wrote—and burnt—reams and reams. My first appearance in print, however, was with a short story of an extremely lurid nature, which appeared in a London daily. How

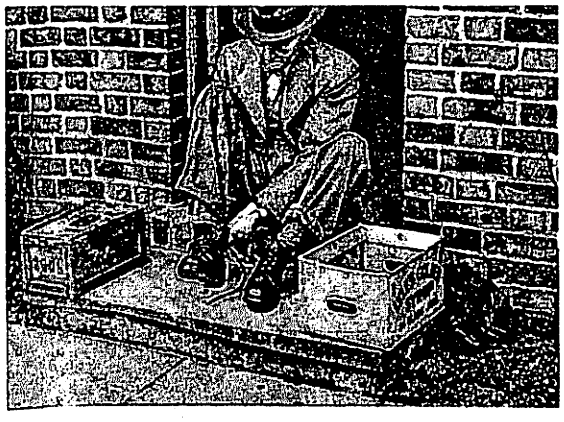
DID I SPEND THE CHEQUE?

I never had one! Perhaps they forgot. Anyway, I was far too shy, and also far too elated at being in print, to ask for payment.

"What did I do up at Cambridge? Nothing in particular, though whether I did it very well is not for me to say. I remember a couple of rather exciting "rags." The first was when Lord Kitchener came to receive his honorary LL.D. after Omdurman. In our enthusiasm we pulled the hind wheel off his carriage, and Kitchener is said to have remarked, "Gentlemen, this is better than Omdurman," though I didn't hear him myself. But judging by his looks I imagine he would have liked to hold a drumhead court-martial on most of us, though he stayed on "unofficially" to see the fun in the evening, the said fun consisting mainly of attempting to burn policemen at the stake.

"As I have told you, I wrote yards and yards of poetry while at Cambridge, but I never tried to get anything published. After "walking" Middlesex Hospital, I became assistant to a doctor in the country. However, I suppose I had to write, for in the intervals of attending to patients I managed to complete my first novel—in point of writing—"Love Among the Ruins," and sent it to a publisher. He kept it about a year, and then returned it, saying that he did not quite care to take the risk of publishing it. In the meantime I had written "Ether and Igraine," and on sending it to the same publisher he agreed to publish not only it, but the rejected "Love Among the Ruins." This was very satisfactory, and as "Ether and Igraine" was meeting with success I determined to quit medicine. The financial returns of my first two books were not, however, such as to encourage me to start a racing stable or buy a steam yacht, if I had had the slightest hankering to do either, which I hadn't.

"My methods of work? Well, I work



Putting on his boots on the step of his apple-house and granary, Mr. Deeping prepares for his day's work. Besides planning for the farm, he is transport man, driving the car and 6-cwt. trailer, and helps in the three-acre garden

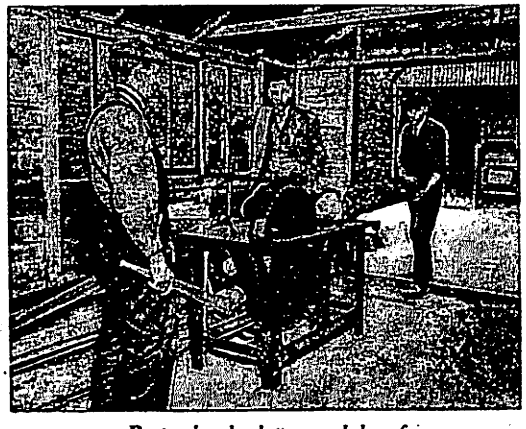
The staff consists of Albert Fancourt and Frank Catt. Ages of Mr. Deeping and his men, who are sixty and seventy, total 193 years

Twenty-Five Acres and a Lot of Food

Warwick Deeping, the Novelist, on His Surrey Farm

The motor-cultivator, driven by Fancourt, is one of two which plough, harrow and reap. Mr. Deeping spreads fertiliser, large stores of which, with grain, petrol, oil, netting and so on, were bought before the war

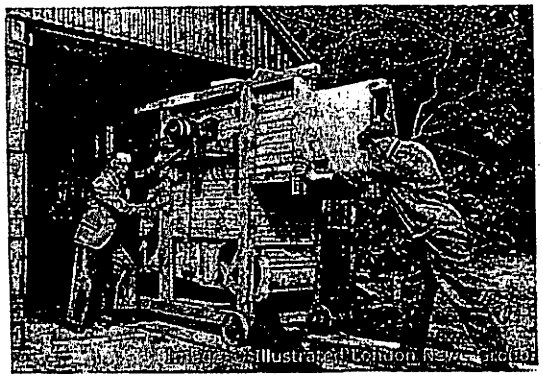
Mrs. Deeping and her husband sit on a fine old seat made two hundred years ago for the Master Builder's home at Hampton Court



Posts, boards, battens and logs for burning come from the estate's woodland, and are cut up by the circular saw

Warwick Deeping bought his Surrey small-holding—Eastlands, near Weybridge—ten years ago, and even then thought what a good answer it could supply to a German blockade. In 1938 he began to lay his plans for wartime production, and last year he grew about 15 tons of food—potatoes, wheat, oats, rye; 7 cwt. of fruit; 5 cwt. of onions; maize, beans, carrots, beets, greens, as well as thousands of eggs. He supplies his own household, his two men and their wives, the local hospital, and old people without gardens or means. His hay and grazing he lends to a neighbour. All this, and his holding and equipment, he says, "cost me the price of a luxury car," and in spending his money thus, "I am doing the job I love." All this Mr. Deeping combines with writing, and a month or so ago added a new novel to his long list of publications: *The Dark House* (Cassells; 9s.)

A small-holder's threshing machine is part of the estate's mechanical equipment, and is driven by a 5-h.p. oil engine. Below, Mr. Deeping, Catt and Fancourt bring it out of the barn



Crushing and grinding the home-grown grain is also done on the premises. The engine drives this, as well as the thresher and the saw

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Sport and General

A NOVELIST AT HOME

Mr. Warwick Deeping with his wife and dog, "Royal," seen in a corner of their garden at Eastlands, Weybridge. This celebrated writer's latest novel, "Exiles," is in great demand, and he is now working on another, having already forty books to his credit

ARE THESE SHOCKING BOOKS?

By Ralph Straus

THEY are not very reticent, these young people who are now beginning their literary careers, but are they to be blamed for telling the truth as they see it? To-day I am inclined to think it is largely a question of expediency. If you happen to have a burning message to give to humanity the odds are against a novel being the best vehicle for its delivery. If, however, your chief desire is to tell a story which will read like the truth, why, then, surely it is primarily a matter for deciding what will, and what will not, interest those who are going to read your work.

I TAKE up a newspaper, and find that *Other Man's Saucer* (Heinemann, 7*s*. 6*d*.), a first novel by Mr. J. Keith Winter, has considerably shocked its reviewer. I take up another, to find that Mr. Winter would be well advised to tell a less unpleasant story. This is good advice. *Other Man's Saucer* is a very remarkable novel, but it is not one which will be received with open arms. It is delightfully written; it has a clear theme, and it reads like the (distinctly unbowdlerised) truth; but—how many people are going to become wildly enthusiastic about an abnormal youth who plays what used to be called the giddy goat at Oxford, and entirely fails to grow up?

THE suburban flapper—and she is probably the most important person in the kingdom in the matter of creating "best-sellers"—will be bored stiff once she has discovered that young Shaw Latimer has little intention of shooting his tutor or seducing his landlady's daughter. Mr. Winter may quite legitimately retort that he is wholly disinclined to write for a suburban flapper, or anybody remotely resembling her. Yet it will be unwise on his part to ignore her existence, for I believe that he will shortly be writing novels well suited to sell in their tens of thousands. Meanwhile, *Other Man's Saucer*, which does possess claims to real literary distinction, will be widely discussed in Chelsea and its spiritual environs, and Oxford dons will pretend not to have read it.

LITERARY CELEBRITIES AT HOME

Mr. Geoffrey Towle (left), Mrs. Arthur Towle, well known as Miss Margery Lawrence, the novelist; and Mr. Arthur Towle. They are seen at the club-house at Turnberry where they took full advantage of the Whitsuntide weather

MR. WINTER'S Shaw may or may not be representative of the new generation. Is Mr. Shaw Desmond's Christopher Lowe, as portrayed in *The Love-Diary of a Boy* (Toulmin, 8*s*. 6*d*.), to be taken as a typical Irish youngster of the 'nineties? I can hardly think so. And yet there are passages in this outspoken document which must strike a very common chord. Christy is terribly worried about God and terribly worried about his "evil thoughts." There are times when the mere sight of a pretty girl turns him into something between a raging volcano and a pitiful jackass. He is, indeed, in a constant state of mental warfare. Poor Chris! And yet is he so very different from the Shaw who has Freud instead of the *Boy's Own Paper* to sustain him?

THIS book, too, I have heard described as "shocking." But is it? My first idea about the diary, I admit, was that it was too strangely warped to be true; my second was that it was too strangely warped to be false. Mr. Desmond, of course, is no beginner; he is a real artist whose books are gradually, if all too slowly, becoming known to a wide circle—and here he is only showing the youngsters that they cannot have it all their own way. His book will not be to everybody's taste—there is a touch of exaggeration about Christy which does not *sound* true, though I dare say it was—but at least it is a brave attempt to probe the mind of an unduly sensitive boy.

I PASS on to some lighter entertainment, and here there is considerable choice. First and foremost must come Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *April Fools* (Cassell, 7*s*. 6*d*.). This is really a sequel to *Poor Relations*, but you need not have read that amusing affair to enjoy the new joke. Here the poor relations are given their rich brother's country house to live in, and from the moment of their arrival to the day of their departure there is one long gorgeous frolic to be retailed. Incidentally you will meet Viola and Bertram, who are two of the most lovable young scamps ever born to bully a prig of a cousin and be given cherry brandy by a publican's widow. I revelled in the whole preposterous business.

MR. J. D. BERESFORD, too, is in his most amusingly satiric vein in *Seven Bobsworth* (Faber and Faber; 7*s*.). I could wish that he had chosen another and slightly less financial title, even though finance plays no inconsiderable part in the development of Bobs-

where I mean it.

"My methods of work? Well, I work regularly every morning, again after tea, and often after dinner. I certainly find work a pleasure, more especially since we came to live in Sussex. After having lived all my life in a flat country like Essex, the Sussex downs and woods were a revelation to me. It was a sort of awakening to come here.

"Do I do much reading up for my mediæval romances? My aim is to make a tale a human document, and to get away from dry school methods, and so I think more, perhaps, of making my characters flesh and blood than of their historic setting. But historic accuracy is a thing I aim at more and more. In "Bertrand of Brittany," for example, I have tried to show the life as it was, without forcing archæological matters on the reader.

"How do I get my plots? It would puzzle me to say. Music is a pretty constant source of inspiration, and then I keep a careful note of anything I see or hear that strikes me as likely to be of use some time or other. According to my wife, I am the most methodical of men, and I daresay there

is method in my mediæval madness. Then, although I can't say that I have ever dreamed a plot, I do constantly and vividly dream of mediæval scenes and incidents, men in armour battling, and so on.

"'But plots come to me at all times and in all places. I thought out practically the whole of "Love Among the Ruins"

ONE MORNING IN CHURCH,

though I don't know that you should mention that. I take great pains over the names of my characters, as I am sure a good name counts for much, as, indeed, it ought to. I confess, however, that "Uther and Igraine" was not well-named from a business point of view, as people were uncertain of the correct pronunciation, and folk are apt to be shy of asking for and talking about a book when some superior person may correct their phonetic ignorance. However, "Uther" did very well, especially in America, and still sells, which is not so bad considering it is over five years old.

"'There was a fly in the amber of the success of "Uther." Everyone, or nearly everyone, said that I had taken Mr. Maurice Hewlett as a model, and to this day I am always being compared with Mr. Hewlett. Well, no doubt Mr. Hewlett would be an admirable model for any young writer to take, and if my work suggests his, then I have no reason to complain. But as a matter of fact, I had been working on mediæval subjects before I had read a line of Mr. Hewlett's. Then I read "The Forest Lovers," and was enchanted by it. But that is the only book of his I have read, for the simple reason that in view of the constant comparisons with him I do not permit myself to read any more of his works.

"'Of course, I have not confined myself entirely to mediæval times. "A Woman's War" was a mediæval novel, but a portion of the public did not take very kindly to it, though I was pleased with it myself. One lady, indeed, wrote to me something to this effect: "Dear Mr., Mrs., or Miss Dorping, whichever you are, please don't write any more horrid mediæval books." As I am not very old, either as author or man, I must beware of speaking with the infallibility of youth, but I imagine when the public labels an author as humorist, romanticist, realist, or whatnot, it is advisable for him to accept the public's description, however anxious he may be to break new ground.

"'At all events, in my next two novels, I am keeping to

MY ORIGINAL LINE,

one of them being a romance dealing with the fortunes of Bertrand du Guesclin, while the second, which Messrs. Cassell are publishing this autumn, is a Jacobean tale under the title of "Mad Barburn." I sincerely hope the public will approve of the lady.

"'By the way, I am often amused by the letters I get from people pitching into me because I have allowed my characters to do things which my correspondents don't like. As if I or any author is to be held responsible for the actions of his characters!

"My recreations? You certainly take one back to mediæval times, and the Holy Inquisition. Gardening is my chief delight. I used to be fond of golf, but I found the fascination of the game so compelling that it was a race of getting up golf or writing. I know the fact that I chose the former alternative will lower me in the eyes of all good golfers, but I can't help that. I have also done a good deal of Volunteering as a private, but have no time for it now. I hope the Territorial Army scheme is going to succeed. There is plenty of fine fighting material in the country, as I learned during my Volunteer days, the country folk being first-rate natural scouts, and as keen as mustard.

"My visit had now to conclude, and I left Hastle with pleasant memories of Mr. Warwick Deeping, his charming wife, his delightful home in the country he loves so well, and his already assured and steadily growing reputation as a writer who has style, sympathy, imagination, and is a born story-teller."

HASTINGS CRICKET FESTIVAL.

OPENING MATCH RUINED BY RAIN.

JAM'S GOOD PLAY.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS

INTERESTING HASTINGS NEWS.

HOME GUARDS.

A LOCAL NOVELIST.

CHAT WITH MR. WARWICK DEAPING

HOW HE BEGAN TO WRITE.

THE RECEIPT OF THE FIRST CHEQUE

WINCHELSEA RECTOR LEAVING.

EXCHANGE OF LIVING IN DEVONSHIRE.

A VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION

DAMAGE AT ROCK-A-NORE.

BAD NEWS FOR BATHERS.

A LOSS OF OVER £600

SPORT AND RECREATION.

CRICKET.

MARCH 21, 1930 SUSSEX AG EXPRESS

WARWICK DEEPING'S "FLYING START."

—:o:—

Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., have just issued the spring number of "The Book Window," in which is included an interview with Mr. Warwick Deeping. He pays a sincere tribute to his father—an old-fashioned Essex medical man of the hard-working, steadfast, Victorian type, who enjoyed a wide practice in more than the customary sense, for he loved his people and his people loved him. "Can you wonder," says Mr. Deeping, "why I hold to family tradition? From such conditions and surroundings you get a flying start."

The author of "Sorrell and Son" made one or two tentative starts on other things before embarking upon the career of novelist—even went through a medical course; but the lure of the pen proved irresistible. Four years' service with the Field Ambulance of the Lancashire Divisions did not stop his output of literary work and he tells how he often found relief, both in Gallipoli and in France, by settling down in his dug-out with pen and paper.

The close of the war found him a bit of a Socialist, but now, he says, "if anything, I am inclined the other way." Whether the war had anything to do with it or not, the fact remains that after 1918 there was an even deeper note in his writing which the public was not slow to appreciate, and with "Sorrell and Son" he jumped forward to take a definite place in the front rank of modern novelists. The popularity of "Sorrell and Son" as a novel was equalled by its success as a film. "I am far from being an opponent of the new machine," said Mr. Deeping, "and it interested me to see 'Sorrell' through on the film; but I am glad it came out before the 'talkies' came in."

GENERAL MANAGER:
SIDNEY A. SANDERS

LONDON:
40 FLEET STREET

HUGHES MASSIE & CO.

LITERARY, DRAMATIC AND CINEMATOGRAPH AGENTS
LONDON AND NEW YORK

TELEPHONE ASHLAND 6208
TELEGRAMS AND CABLES LITARIBUS, NEW YORK
CODE WESTERN UNION, FIVE LETTER

347 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Mr. D. L. Chambers,
Bobbs Merrill Co.,
New York, N. Y.

February 13, 1924.

Dear Mr. Chambers:

Herewith is the new Warwick Deeping novel entitled THREE ROOMS. Deeping considers this to be the best piece of work he has ever done. I am inclined to agree with him, from my knowledge of his work. THREE ROOMS is wonderfully well written, and the characterization is excellent. This is available for publication just as soon as you wish.

I am glad to hear that he has made the alterations to THE SECRET SANCTUARY and that they are satisfactory. When you let me hear about THREE ROOMS, I will send along a contract for both books.

By the way, I gave you a copy of ORCHARDS by Deeping in December last. It is one of his costume novels. What do you think of the idea of bringing these out under a pseudonym, beginning with ORCHARDS. Deeping's costume novels are, of course, very well done, and it seems to me that with a certain amount of publicity, he should obtain the favor of the very large Sabatini public.

When you have a chance to go over THREE ROOMS, I would like to come along and have a chat to you about all these points.

Yours sincerely,

Sydney A. Sanders

HUGHES MASSIE & CO.

SAS.HLB

February 14, 1924

Mr. S. A. Sanders
Hughes Massie & Co.
347 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Mr. Sanders:

Thank you for your letter of the 13th and for the manuscript of Warwick Deeping's novel, THREE ROOMS. We will get busy on its consideration immediately and then get in touch with you.

In regard to ORCHARDS, I am personally very much delighted with the story but somehow could not see a considerable American public for it. Maybe I am wrong about that. I will submit your suggestion of pseudonym publication to the House and see how they feel about it.

Yours very truly,

DLC:D

Copy

THREE ROOMS.

The novel begins with the French landlady making out her bills; it ends on the note of a kitchen cupboard for the freshened, restored, little, white house on the hills. From "a shabby refuge for life's failures", it wins through to independence, work, love, in the few acres "where you trap the sunlight and turn it into fruit and flowers"; from moral squalor to wholesomeness; from the stale odors left by many passing guests, to fresh air and sweet scents. In between are many pages, so voluminous that the author has wisely refused to number them; a thin plot; moderate, level interest; an environment greatly stressed and elaborated; some wisdom about Life; some half dozen outstanding people with a large number of less distinct, hovering figures; a love story, not uncommon but acceptable; psychology that one accepts without question at its face falue. The above summary of the contents might be placed upon the credit side of the ledger, but these qualities have the defects of their virtues. If man can not live by bread alone, neither can fiction subsist upon nature descriptions. Since of the making of books there is no end, a reasonable brevity, some differentiating merit, must seize the public. Even an intelligent, pleasing story must not dawdle unconscionably. Once the reader has visualized the surroundings, the story proper must be given the right of way; the human interest must come into its own, and over-top everything else.

Probably becuase the writer does it well, he offers a succession of pictures, The French Riviera is not unknown either to readers, or to tourists, or to movie fans. Doubtless, the chief place chosen, Cap d'Or, is less familiar than some other spots, but Cagne, Villefranche, Nice, St. Hospice, Eze, St. Jean, are not, in the lesst, slighted. Moonlight nights when the coast softly glitters for miles; the pale forheads of the mountains; the moon path on the sea; white sta-

tues; flat topped pines; the lovely old villa with its ilexes, and cypresses and fountain; the magic carpet of flowers, the rivers of color; the rocky coast, melting into the abrupt blue of the sea; a pearl of a day, all blue and gold; the three terraces of the hotel gardens - conventional, semi-conventional, wild; best of all, the flower growers' places on the hills, and the small estate of a few acres where the hero settles himself to earn money, to make a permanent place- all of this, good in itself, readable, usurps more than its proper place. Equally well done is the atmosphere, the aspects, of the second-rate hotel, with its mercenary landlady, its greasy, unwholesome, over-driven servants, its dingy rooms, The dozen or more guests, named and described, are hard to distinguish from one another, and cause some trifling annoyance until one decides to let them slip. When it comes to the leading people, they act in character, are true to life, are easily understood, deserve no unfavorabel criticism. Take Max Rubenstein, aged 47, rich blandly omnipotent, oiled against all insults, nicknamed the Assyrian, of the type that is inheriting the world. He is affectionate, good-tempered, ready to settle down into a good husband and father, not black as such men go, despite his past of amorous adventure his passing affair with the mother of the young girl he decides to marry. The heroine might do wrose, but she feels a physical repugnance, is fiercely independant, works as a maid to earn her freedom, and ends as a working partner with her husband. The lover, a war victim, sentenced to exile because of threatenend lungs, given to self pity and nerves, hating his fellow man, imprisoned in self, who takes root in the soil, lets himself go in the greatest of all adventures- this is a known type, as is the mercenary, hard, scheming mother who sees her forty years, can not perceive the end, but reflects that "you lengthened your range, that is all", or Mary, the nice Englishwoman, the on-looker, who helps the lovers.

The philosophy remembers that the thing you are afraid of always catches you, that the devil of these days is boredom, that one must let the hand of love take hold of the tiller of the ship of impulse, that you must never let life get out of control, but keep your hand on the lever. The description, early in the story, of the incongruous hotel guests, as each going round and round in the one little personal cage, is an apt one.

The story does not deal much in dramatic values. Barbara sits alone at the ball, and the right man dances with her. The mother has pneumonia. Money must be borrowed from Rubenstein. When Max judges that the time is ripe, he proposes to Barbara in his lovely villa, and kisses her, while she escapes down the vine where her bulky suitor can not follow. The courtship of the English engineer and Barbara seems a placid affair. One may note that the story lacks tension, high lights, while remaining true to life as most of us know it.

The Mediterranean littoral has a temperament of its own, we are told, and this reader has specially liked the pictures of the little places where flowers and vegetables are grown, wine is made, chickens are kept, nice puppies are bred. The packing of the baskets, in the deft, artistic French way, contrasts with our clumsy marketing. The life before the wedded lovers sounds idyllic for it is cool upon the hills in summer, and yet one wonders if their small income will suffice, even with the anticipated earnings. This materialistic view, does not enter into a story of this type.

To reject a well written, truthful story because of an excess of nature description, because of its sameness, because it might be greatly cut without any loss of truthful portrayal, or any hitch in the story's movement, may seem hypercritical. Perhaps it is. Sotries of this sort reach the public libraries but why any reader should purchase such a book is not plain. It would be as difficult to advertise as to sell, for it lacks saliency, novelty, humor, intricacy, of plot, rapidity of movement, dramatic action.

A. A. Springer

(Exclusively for Correspondence Between Offices)

The Bobbs-Merrill Company Publishers

Subject: Date: February 28, 1984.

Memorandum for Mr. Chambers.

Dear Lawrence:

Here is a copy of Mrs. S. report on Deeping's FIRMS ROOMS. Sounds like a death notice, doesn't it?

Yours,

HRH

HRH/CP

Mr Halsey -

I would like a great relief if the selling organization would take this up with Deeping & suggest his handling his books.

HRH

7/7

March 1, 1924.

My dear Mr. Sanders:

Mr. Deeping's manuscript THREE ROOMS is a heartbreaking disappointment. It seems to us to lack all the qualities that make a book salable. We would not know how to advertise it; we would not know how to present it to the trade. It's a sweeping indictment, but it lacks dramatic action, rapidity of movement, intricacy of plot, saliency, novelty and humor. It is of course well written and is true to life as most of us know it. It has atmosphere, the descriptions have charm, and the characters are knowable. But there must be more than this if a story is to take hold. Knowing as you do my admiration for SANCTUARY, you will appreciate the sincerity of my disappointment, the pain with which I write this letter.

Word, too, has just come to me of the attitude of our road salesmen; their feeling that it will be almost impossible to revive interest in Deeping; that even such an excellent book as SANCTUARY would fail to get a fair chance with the trade. In the light of all these circumstances we feel the only thing we can do, with justice to Deeping and ourselves, is to withdraw from the negotiations and return you the manuscript, which we do with the utmost regret.

Sincerely yours,

HHH/GP

Mr. Sidney A. Sanders,
c/o Hughes Massie & Company,
347 Fifth Avenue,
New York City

HRP

SOME EMINENT OPINIONS

concerning

PAPWORTH VILLAGE SETTLEMENT.

(*These were supplied for use in connection with Papworth's* 21*st anniversary appeal in the Autumn of* 1935).

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (*in an address given in June,* 1935). "*I do not want to use exaggerated language, but this Papworth Settlement is indeed a City of Refuge, where numbers of our people, rescued from misery, privation and ill-health, can live useful and self-respecting lives. I can conceive of no cause that could make a more moving appeal, not to the heart alone, but to the intelligence and the imagination of those who wish to make the best use of any measure of wealth which they may have received. They will be restoring men, women and whole families upon whom has fallen the darkness of the Shadow of Death, into the light of healthfulness, hopefulness and happiness. What better could we do?*"

THE PRIME MINISTER (The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, *broadcasting for Papworth in November,* 1932). "*Each family settled at Papworth means a family saved from a hopeless struggle against overwhelming odds. It means that no person will be infected by that particular sufferer or by any member of his family. And it means that that family will be independent, because the breadwinner will be able to win bread once again. On EVERY ground and for every reason, humane and constructive, this work deserves support. If you can think of a better way to get national value for your money than in supporting Papworth, you are much cleverer than I am!*"

THE (THEN) LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION (The Rt. Hon. George Lansbury). "*Only those who have personally visited Papworth, as I have done, can properly appreciate the absolutely magnificent work of this great national undertaking. Only those who have seen the bright, happy, smiling faces of Papworth's residents can contrast them with the blank despair of those tuberculous workers who, as yet, 'know not Papworth.' How long will it be before those who at present suffer in privation and misery will be enabled to join Papworth's happy family and to feel that once again they are useful cogs in Life's wheel? That must depend to the UTMOST extent upon those of you who now read for the first time of Papworth and its work. To those of you who are moved to generosity, I can only say—You will indeed experience that great happiness which so truly comes through helping others to help themselves!*"

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain). "*When in office as Minister of Health I found occasion to remark that Papworth undoubtedly represented, as it still represents, the best and most comprehensive after-care scheme for consumptives that is in existence. As Chancellor of the Exchequer I would go further, and I would remind the individual taxpayer that in assisting a Papworth Settler to help himself, he is directly helping to lighten the burden of his own taxation! Every penny given to Papworth goes to save more and more consumptives from becoming a misery to themselves, a MENACE to their fellows and an unwillingly idle charge upon the taxpayer's purse.*"

THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, O.M. "*I am told that four out of every five of us are infected with the dormant tubercle bacillus. Behind nearly every shoulder there lurks the terror which leaps forth, now here, now there, to smite down its victim. To many of the sufferers the greatest tragedy is not their own doom, but the ruin, privation and misery which their helplessness brings to those dependent upon them—to wife, to little ones, to old people in the home. To such as these, Papworth is a Haven of hope and security, where health can master their disease and a safe and useful life can be assured to their loved ones. Any one of us might, but for the mercy of Heaven, have stood in such need as theirs of the boon of Papworth. Let us therefore, on this occasion of Papworth's coming-of-age, record our gratitude to Almighty God that we have escaped the scourge of tuberculosis ourselves, by helping as generously as we can to rescue those less fortunate.*"

SIR GEORGE NEWMAN, K.C.B., M.D., (*formerly Chief Medical Officer to the Ministry of Health, said at Papworth's meeting in June,* 1935) "*Papworth stands, in my deliberate judgement, in the very vanguard of the armies in all countries that are fighting the enemy tuberculosis. It stands in the vanguard throughout the world as a method by which great achievements in arresting tuberculosis have been, and may be won . . . . Everywhere at Papworth you are saving life and you are employing the parents who are tuberculous. Much more extraordinary still, you are saving the CHILDREN of those parents—young lives born ENTITLED to have tuberculosis, BUT WHO DO NOT GET IT! Papworth is a model village colony, a happy village colony, winning life and winning hope for all its residents. It is one of the most remarkable examples of organised public health in the world to-day!*"

No child born at Papworth has, whilst a member of the community, contracted tuberculosis in any known clinical form.

HOW IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT ABOUT.

I cannot avoid saying that Papworth owes its inception, its progress, almost its entire all, to the genius, the great heart, the unswerving energy, and the imagination and vision of its Medical Director, Sir Pendrill Varrier-Jones. He it was who, as a research student at Cambridge, was first struck by the real, the economic, tragedy of tuberculosis. He began his vision and ideal of this Settlement with a capital of £500 and with one patient. To-day, Papworth has more than 500 patients and ex-patients, and altogether over 1,000 inhabitants.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that Papworth Industries and Papworth settlers are self-supporting, and that they are in no sense dependent on charity.

On the other hand, for every penny of the capital needed to bring about this state of affairs Papworth —and Sir Pendrill Varrier-Jones—rely entirely and absolutely upon the gifts of the generous. These gifts have already provided the Settlement with land, hospitals, sanatoria, research work, cottages, hostels, chalets, workshops, machinery and plant.

PAPWORTH IS AT A STANDSTILL.

To-day, Papworth has reached the limit of its capital resources, nay, it has exceeded them and is hampered and handicapped by a £25,000 overdraft at the bank.

It cannot extend, it cannot acquire the essential of the latest and most up-to-date machinery (for Papworth Industries compete on merit and quality of workmanship alone), it can move no further without further capital support. Above all, it cannot deal with its ever-growing list of most pathetic demands for admission until this further capital has been provided.

Papworth is unique because it is not an ordinary charity. It is a great national undertaking which is ceaselessly striving to help the otherwise helpless to help themselves and to support themselves.

I must add that, in appealing to your generosity in helping to provide this new capital, Papworth has no easy task. Essentially a national undertaking, it perforce lacks the prestige and influence enjoyed by a local hospital. Sited in the country, it derives no income from sources such as King Edward VII's Fund for London hospitals, whilst equally it cannot maintain the district contributory scheme so invaluable to the Provincial hospital. It seldom benefits from the many Trusts, Funds, Bequests and similar aids to such organisations as this, the scope and area of whose beneficence is usually limited. It relies entirely upon your kindness and your help.

Need I say more ?

Donald Dewing

/4

Aug 21 39

EASTLANDS,
WEYBRIDGE.

Dear Sir Paul,

[illegible]

Send in this form if you would like further particulars, striking out whichever section is inapplicable.

The Organising Secretary,
Papworth Village Settlement,
10, Upper Woburn Place,
London, W.C. 1.

A. Please send fuller particulars of Papworth to me at once.

B. I am interested in your work and would like to help Papworth,

so I enclose £ : : as

a donation / an annual subscription. Kindly acknowledge safe receipt.

(Your Name) .....

(Your Address) .....

.....

.....

Cheques and Postal Orders may be made payable to "Papworth" and crossed "Barclay's Bank, Ltd."

Please write clearly and state correct style and title.

Daily Express

The Organ of Imperial Democratic Opinion.

EDITORIAL: 8, Shoe-lane, E.C.4.
ADVERTISING: 23, St. Bride-street, E.C.4.
TELEPHONE: Central 9000.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1927.

TO-DAY.

The Acting Prime Minister—Rumania's Destiny.

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is to be acting Prime Minister during the absence of Mr. Baldwin in Canada. There is nothing significant in this except that it destroys the assumption commonly held that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the natural deputy for the Prime Minister. The post of Foreign Secretary ranks next in importance, and it is in accordance with this that Sir Austen Chamberlain will be in charge of the Government, while Mr. Churchill is to lead in the House of Commons for the remainder of the session.

* * *

AT the same time, there must be something rather wistful in the mind of the Foreign Secretary as he faces the prospect of at last assuming the chief office, even for so short a time. His shadow has haunted Downing-street for years, yet a relentless fate has always held him at the doorstep. In 1911 the deadlock between himself and the then Mr. Walter Long gave Bonar Law the leadership of the Conservative Party. Subsequently, at the Carlton Club meeting in 1922, when he had succeeded Bonar Law as Conservative leader, Sir Austen declared for the Coalition and Mr. Lloyd George. That night Bonar Law resumed the party leadership and became Prime Minister.

* * *

WHEN Bonar Law died Sir Austen was outside the inner councils of the party, and Mr. Baldwin took office. Yet these experiences never cheapened or embittered the fineness of Sir Austen Chamberlain's nature. His mistakes may have accentuated the perverseness of his destiny, but he stands to-day before the public as a man of unblemished honour, who has dignified the office which he holds, and who has added a solid contribution to the high ideals of British public life.

* * *

AT a crisis of the war, when the tide ran strong for the Germans, Rumania stepped in on the side of the Allies. Britons will never forget that, nor the terrible price King Ferdinand had to pay for a splendid decision taken without the means to support it. The Sovereign who now lies dead at Bukharest had to endure every humiliation of defeat before peace and victory made him the ruler of a Rumania doubled in population, more than doubled in area, and perhaps quadrupled in its points of contentious contact with the Powers around it.

* * *

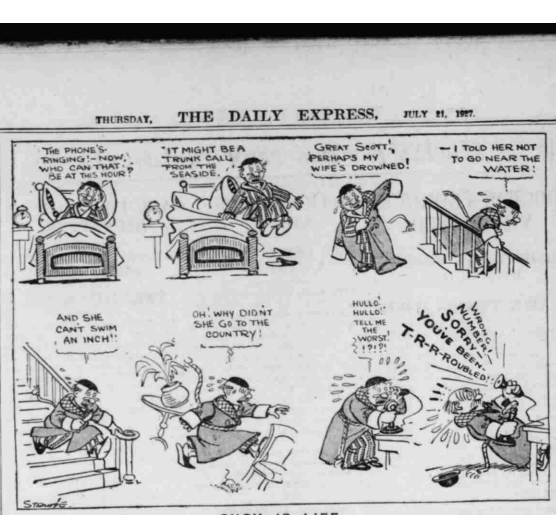
HE trod the valley of disaster; he stroode for a while along the topmost ridges of triumph; and both in disaster and in triumph he carried with him the devotion of his people. But for a man stricken with a mortal disease, and painfully and publicly at odds with his eldest son, the throne could only have been a seat of thorns. The last years of King Ferdinand's reign were poisoned by the thought that he might be leaving behind him a disputed succession and a country in convulsions.

* * *

THE event, we hope, will prove that fears have been much less. But obviously there are at this moment in Rumania all the elements of a tense drama. A frail Regency of three holding power in the name of a child of five years old; a patriotic but ambitious widowed Queen, determined not to be left out of the picture; her disinherited son, the scandal of the Court but the darling of the people, preparing, it may be, a bold stroke of his own; a general or two each convinced he has a fighting chance of becoming Regent himself; and, behind them all, Bratianu, the wizard and wire-puller of Rumanian politics, biding his time, spinning his webs—what a spectacle it is of clashing vehement personalities, of plot and counter-plot, of insurgent nationalities, of hostile neighbours waiting for a cue to pounce, of tragedy that is one-quarter farce, and of farce that is three-quarters tragedy.

* * *

THE pot is boiling in Rumania; it is in the interests of Europe to see that it does not boil over. A stable Rumania is essential to the peace of South-Eastern Europe. The war began in the Balkans. The influence of the Great Powers must be used to prevent the peace from ending there.



SUCH IS LIFE.
No. 4.—THE 'PHONE CALL.

IN DEFENCE OF THIS SUMMER.

(Which Is Not So Bad As It Seems.)

By JAMES DOUGLAS *(Editor of the "Sunday Express").*

As our present English summer is being shamefully decried and mechanically derided by professional pessimists and indurated mugwumps, it is high time for somebody to tell the truth about it. I am sired of hearing it defamed and slandered by nincompoops and molly-coddles who are incapable of enjoying its invigorating qualities, who shiver like aspen leaves in the balmiest breeze, and who tremble and sneeze in the softest rain.

These muffed milksops sigh for a sulty summer with no pleasant moisture in the air and no fresh life in the wind. If they had their way the woods would all be centrally heated and the sands would all be warmed with hot-water pipes. Their idea of paradise is a Turkish bath.

* * *

They yearn for clouds of dust, armies of insects, baked grass, desiccated hedgerowe, parched trees, and multitudinous decays. They clamour for all the appurtenances of indolence. They long for enervation and languor and lassitude. They pretend that a cool summer is a calamity, and that a succession of sultry weeks is a delight.

I maintain that this is the most beneficent and most beatific summer within living memory. Never in my recollection has the spring lasted so long with its kindly grace of green leaves and its efflorescence of flowers. Never has there been so marvellous an array of roses. It is a pity that we are not as wise as the roses that revel in the gentle rain showers, for surely what is good for roses is also good for Man biologic.

Down in Essex the roses are rioting in their splendour and radiance of the summer sunshine and rainshine. They rebuke our stupidity and satirise our ignorance. They rejoice in their exuberant vitality. They drink deep draughts of life from the sweet showers and the dewy winds.

* * *

Was there ever such a summer for sweet peas? These delicate butterfly blooms have no fault to find with the caressing grey clouds that temper the heat of the sun. There are acres of them near Marks Tey, and if we were Japanese we should hold a sweet pea festival in their honour. It is sheer ecstasy to watch them flickering and fluttering under the wings of the iced zephyrs. Why on earth should a man be less lyrical than a sweet pea, or a crimson rambler, or a Dorothy Perkins? I say that this is perfect holiday weather, and that we should all hasten to enjoy it before it becomes a blast furnace in the dog days. It is now possible to play two or three rounds of golf without fatigue. The skylarks set us an excellent example, for they can always find a patch of blue to sing in between showers. Why should a strong man be less joyous than a skylark?

* * *

As for the sea, it is warm enough to comfort old bones. The other day I met a celebrated surgeon of mature years emerging from the waves on the East Coast. He was rosy with health. The truth is that summer is now at its best, and we should make the best of it while it lasts. Rainshine is in need of a poet. Go forth, O faint-hearts, and rejoice in the summer rains that sweeten the sunshine, let loose the country smells, and bestow on the ageing leaves a fresh lease of life.

BY THE WAY.

After looking at Sirube's fishing cartoon yesterday I recalled many occasions on which I have watched and wonder those who practise this strange sport—one of the very few sports in which I myself do not excel. I know nothing of fishing of any sort. I have never caught a tiddler in a London park. I don't know what it is to sit for hour at a pier-head, or to be anchored in a kelch for the purpose of catching fish. I has never set foot on a stream watching a float, or cast a fly, or waded in a Scottish burn and played a 'mighty salmon. Of tickling carp I know less than nothing. Whaling I leave to braver men and those with more time to spare.

* * *

And yet I am being unduly modest. I have tried (and failed) to spear fish in a river across, and once when I was more fished against than fishing I was shocked to find that a line depending from my rowing boat was jerking violently. I hauled in, and to my horror a mouse flapped and floundered and foaned me all over the boat. I was terrified, until the boatman with me gave it a great whack on the head and stunned it. He said it was a fine pollack.

That was off the Cornish coast in 1920, and I have never caught a fish since—not even by accident.

* * *

Cats (Once More).

The cat-lovers are gnashing their jaws at me. Before me lies a letter in praise of cats, pointing out that these faithful animals are so sympathetic that they will often lick the faces of those who are unhappy. At the end of the letter the writer questions my statement that the drinkers and roarers of the world are fonder of cats than other people. He has never found this to be so, and wonders if I am pulling any one's leg. As if I would ever attempt to do such a thing!

* * *

Before and After.

Baby Joe was for years the healthiest and happiest child in Bimbleborough Buildings, S.E. He laughed. He played. He drank deep with his peers. And then suddenly, and without warning, the blow fell. What were those yellow blotches on his ears? What were those abrasions and stripes on his right cheek? What, indeed?

Mother knew, and blanched to see the hideous truth. Fear lent her wings. She flew out and bought a small bottle of Woggo.

Baby Joe is once again the pride of Bimbleborough Buildings, S.E. He laughs. He plays. He drinks deep with his peers. He refrains from all chemists. Insist on the stopper.

* * *

Chess.

It has been well remarked in this very paper that Mr. Cochran is not likely to offer the chess champions at the Central Hall a contract to appear before the public at a music-hall or in a revue.

Chess is an amazing game, and, as I have always been told, nearly as old as the hills. Some say the Scythians started it, others the Babylonians, the Chinese, the Irish. Solomon has been accused of inventing it; so has Xerxes; so has Aristotle. Whether Shah Mat (the King is dead) is the origin of checkmate, or whether it is the invention, I do not know. But I do know that the sons of Usna, in the old Irish tale, were playing chess before they were taken by Conchobar the King.

* * *

Chess is not a game that inspires art. I grew fat on pictures or sculptures or gives about it. I have never heard a jolly round song with chess for the theme. It is not mentioned in the poetry of love, nor in heroic verse, nor, as far as I know, in didactic. Nor is there any impassioned rhetoric or severe prose in praise of it.

And yet there are men who carry little pocket-boards about with them, and there is the gloomy and established ing scene now being enacted in the Central Hall at Westminster.

* * *

A Rejected MS.

Women, I am told, are going in more and more for Chess, and there are many playing in the International Congress. Mrs. Wrench, who is a woman, as she puts it, abreast of the times, has written a very powerful article called "Can a Woman Combine Chess With Home Life?" The only reason I rejected it when she sent it in, was because it is such fearful balderdash.

* * *

Oho!

A correspondent sends me the following pretty piece of scientific jargon from the "Philosophical Magazine" referring to some serpentine rocks in the Shetland Islands:

"The gabbro, succeeding on the East, is extensively altered, the original pyroxene being uralitised and the feldspar converted to a saussuritic aggregate. In Baltia and Hunny the gabbro is cut by veins of pegmatite gabbro and albite-zoisite-rock. These changes of serpentinisation, uralitisation, and saussuritisation are referred to as metamorphism effected by lase-magmatic water."

* * *

A Noble Theme.

There are times when the limitations of our metric system of measures gives us and press all the galeey out of us.

An American Methodist bishop has just "hissed Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, on the brow." O for a muse of fire! How I ache to celebrate the thing in monumental verse! But the subject is too great for me. I see the Dean, the Poet Laureate, the Poet Laureate, I see Truth and Beauty take hands and begin a stately measure. I see freedom broadening down from precedent to precedent, and the Age of Perfect Peace and Good Will established. Discord hides her ugly head, the sickle rings out, the sword is beaten into a ploughshare. The Methodist bishop has kissed the Evangelist on the brow.

* * *

Without Comment.

This is a sentence from a serial—

"Sometimes they wandered from the beaten path, intent on replenishing their commissariat department."

I said to a friend, "Why not say 'in get food,'" and he replied, "That would not be writing."

BEACHCOMBER.

SOCIETY.

The Prince of Wales yesterday paid a visit to Melton Mowbray.

* * *

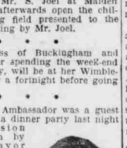
The Duke of York, who will lunch to-day with Mr. S. Joel at Maiden Erlegh, will afterwards join the children's playing field presented to the town of Reading by Mr. Joel.

* * *

The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, after spending the week-end in the country, will be at her Wimbledon home for a fortnight before going north.

* * *

The Italian Ambassador was a guest of honour at a dinner party last night at the Mansion House, given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Blades. Among the guests were the Duke of Argyll, Mary Countess of Minto, Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare, Lord and Lady Harris, Lady (Henry) Wilson, Lady Lawrence of Kingsley, Lord and Lady Ashwith, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald McKenna, Lord Hunting field, M.F., Major the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Long, and Sir Victor and Lady Wellesley. The orchestral band of the Scots Guards played during the dinner.


Lady Blades.

* * *

The Infanta Beatrice of Spain, Mme. Balsan, Viscount D'Abernon, and Mr. Augustus John lunched with the Countess of Oxford and Asquith yesterday in Bedford-square. The hostess will spend the week-end at The Wharf, Sutton Courtney.

* * *

Lord Ebury gave a large dinner-party last night before his supper party in Portman-square. Among his guests were Katharine Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Swiss Minister and Mme. Paravicini, the Countess of Lytton, Princess Obolensky, the Earl and Countess of Bradford, Lord and Lady Lloyd, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, the Marquis of Reading, Baroness Ravensdale, and the Hon. Elizabeth Grosvenor, the host's daughter, for whom the party was given.

* * *

His Highness Prince Karamjit Singh of Kapurthala has arrived at the Savoy Hotel.

* * *

The Earl of Balfour is to speak at a Unionist garden fête, for which he is lending his grounds at Whittingehame on August 6.

* * *

Lord and Lady Strathcona, who have gone to Scotland, are spending the next two or three weeks at their residence in the Argyllshire Island of Colonsay. They will afterwards go to Glencoe, on the Argyllshire mainland, where they will spend the shooting season.

* * *

The Marquis and Marchioness of Queensberry were among the guests at a small reception yesterday in Hertford-street after the marriage of Lord Cecil Douglas with Mrs. Ruby St. B. Kirkley. The bride was in white, with a white felt hat. The honeymoon will be spent at Deauville.

A MESSAGE FROM OLYMPIA.

By The "Daily Express" Art Critic.

The use of art in commerce is shown at the Advertising Exhibition now open at Olympia. The exhibition, in fact, is not only a display of advertising methods, but also of commercial art.

What exactly is commercial art? The answer is simple: Commercial art is art which assists the trader to attract attention to his wares and convince the public of their merits. Art helps the advertiser by symbolising the quality and the style of the things he has to sell, and by symbolising the taste, intelligence and up-to-dateness of the vendor's business mind.

Commercial art suggests the merits of the wares by giving to an announcement or a displayed advertisement a character in harmony with the wares announced.

An advertisement which looks distinguished creates the impression that the thing advertised is also distinguished. A drawing which is pretty and modish suggests that prettiness and modishness are qualities of the wares.

The poster artist's business is to appeal to the man on the move, the man in a passing motor-car or hurrying on foot. The poster must convey its entire message in a flash; it must both arrest attention by clever design and tell about the wares. Advertisers know that frequently there is not time for the second function to operate in a poster, and they imagine that they can conquer the difficulty by abandoning design and using giant oranges, enormous faces, and so on, instead. But the difficulty is not solved in this way. These monstrous elephantine advertisements are so hideous that the man in the street hurries by with averted head.

The artist who designs advertisements for newspapers is in a more fortunate position. His business is to talk to a man or a woman who is sitting down. He has (a) time to arrest attention by some distinguished design and (b) time to convey by letterpress or otherwise any amount of detailed information of his wares. Good advertisers are advertisers who use their brains. Good commercial artists are artists who do the same. A good advertisement is a combination of the brains of the advertiser and the brains of the artist who gives order and form to an idea—a combination used to convince the public that the goods offered are made to a high order energy, new ideas, and business brains.

That, if I read it rightly, is the message of the Olympia exhibition, where the artistic laurels go to Mr. Joseph Emberton, A.R.I.B.A., who designed the kiosks, which are varied, but conform for the most part to a general scheme; to Mr. Percy Metcalf, who modelled the orange unicorns; to Mr Maurice Pendlebington, R.A., who designed the decorations round the Empire Marketing Board pavilions; and to Mr. Frank Newbould, artist of the Scarborough Flier, and the exhibition posters, both of which are admirably designed.

After the Accident.

By J. JEFFERSON FARJEON.

We were both novices, and we both forgot to hoot, with the result that we met rather abruptly at a quiet corner and received a letter T. Our sole spectator was a small boy.

"Are you hurt?" exclaimed the other party to the accident, leaping out.

"No, are you?" I cried, ditto.

"This, of course, was the wrong procedure. The first inquiries should have been about our cars. But then, as I have confided, we were novices, and this was our first motoring accident.

We stared at each other while the small boy stared at us. I think our lack of anger disappointed him. "What does one do next?" asked the other party.

"Haven't a notion," I replied. "When other people have accidents they seem to do all sorts of things."

"Perhaps our crowd isn't big enough," he suggested. "One needs an audience. We haven't even a policeman."

"He'll appear," I answered, and looked up the road rather anxiously.

"Question is—do we want him to appear?" murmured the other party, after a pause.

"That depends on what he'd do," I said.

"Exactly," he nodded. "I can't think of anything really nice he'd do."

"He wouldn't arrest us, anyway," I responded. "We've already arrested each other. He'd just take our names and addresses, I expect, and do something nasty to our licences."

"Wouldn't he also go into the question of damage—and responsibility?" asked the other party, slowly.

"Ah," I muttered.

A vague coolness began to divide us.

"Look here!" exclaimed the other party. "Let's settle it between ourselves! Can't we?"

"I'm willing," I agreed. "Who was responsible?"

"You didn't hoot," he pointed out.

"Nor did you," I parried, "and I'm on a main road."

This gave me a distinct technical advantage, but he fought gamely.

"I wouldn't call it a dead-heat, and begin life all over again."

"I'm all for it," I cried, as a policeman appeared in the distance.

We shook hands, pulled our cars apart, and fled. I believe the small boy burst into tears.

It malin—merely mainish," he protested.

"And the one I've just come out of is quite a fat chap. To me, they look about even."

"Well, let's find out the extent of the damage, anyway," I said, "and the question of responsibility can wait. My what-d'you-call-ems look a bit bent."

"So does my what-is-name," he countered. "Your thingummy biffed into it."

"And has got jabbed by your what-ever-it-is."

"True," he nodded. "Let's call it a dead-heat, and begin life all over again."

"I'm all for it," I cried, as a policeman appeared in the distance.

Captain Amundsen has not forgotten. I hope, his published information of crossing the *North* Pole in 1910, when the whole of Captain Scott's plans were known to the world. Not until we tried to establish a second landing party on the Great Ice Barrier had we any idea that a rival was in the field.

T. S. WILLIAMSON
(Ex-chief petty officer, R.N.).
Portsmouth.

PARSONS IN DESPAIR.

To the Editor of the "Daily Express."

Sir,—The committee appointed by the Church Assembly to inquire into the financial burdens placed on the clergy as a result of recent legislation contains some sixteen names of persons who are members of the Finance Committee of the Central Board of Finance (Church Assembly). These are all honourable men of repute, but a man may be mistaken, though honourable.

Members of the Central Board of Finance who worked in favour of this legislation did so because in their conscience they believed it was necessary. They cannot be expected to change their convictions because they have been appointed to a committee whose task is to review the effects of their work.

The parochial, or working, clergy, for whom I am qualified to speak, desire a committee of twelve parochial men who are not interested in the minutiae of ecclesiastical problems, but who are interested in seeing that our clergy receive sufficient stipend for daily bread and butter.

I think I can hazard a guess as to the forthright and fearless report which would be presented by a committee containing such names as Lord Birkenhead, Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Carson, Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, Mr. Colonel Grant, Mr. Greton, M.P., and Sir William Bull, M.P. (Rev.) E. L. MACASSEY.

St. Andrew's Vicarage, Stoke Newington.

My Greatest Ambition.

(From Mr. Warwick Deeping, the novelist.)

Sir,—There are so many ambitions, and I think their importance varies at different periods of a man's life. At one time my principal ambition was to be free—and I attained it.

Our ambition then was to marry a particular woman, to possess a garden that should be big enough to be peaceful and pleasant. I married the particular woman, and I possess the garden.

But I suppose my great ambition was to write a book that—somehow—should make a human appeal to readers all the world over, and especially to men. And when "Sorrell and Son" did that the great ambition was satisfied.

Now I am in the paradoxical position of being ambitious to retain my ambition—which is love of one's fellow-men, and a passion to pursue it as one pursues life in one's youth. To do that one must remain young—and be something of a fool, perhaps.

For ambition—high desire—is the elixir of life. By it, life seems to be eternally renewed, for—and the if is a big one—we refuse to be greedy, and neither eat nor drink too much, and live hard and cleanly. Probably this sounds selfish. But a craft is selfish. It is the most exacting thing under the sun. It is the hunger—the ambition—to express life.

Weybridge. WARWICK DEEPING.

Are We Bad Losers?

Sir,—As one who served in both of the late Captain Scott's Antarctic expeditions, I much deplore the attitude of Captain Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, who, in an American publication, accuses the English of being a nation of bad losers.

Captain Amundsen has not forgotten, I hope, his published information of crossing the *North* Pole in 1910, when he was Aristotle.

T. Northcote-road, Dartmouth.

WHAT PAPWORTH DOES.

First of all Papworth receives the suffering patient into an atmosphere that is altogether " different," an atmosphere in which, perhaps for the first time since the doctor's dreadful sentence, there is found a gleam of hope. In its splendid hospitals—the Bernhard Baron Memorial Hospital for men, and the Princess Hospital for women—patients receive the best care and attention that medical skill has devised, aided by Papworth's own constant research work, research rendered the more effective because of the unique opportunity for study with which Papworth provides its research workers.

It is not what happens during treatment, but that which is to follow, that makes Papworth so altogether unique amongst our national undertakings.

When the patient is ready for discharge, he is not thrown upon an unsympathetic world, to struggle as best he can until the almost inevitable relapse. As his health begins to improve, he is trained by very gradual and unfatiguing stages for one of the eleven different trades forming " Papworth Industries." Later, when yet more fit, *and if the necessary capital is available*, he takes his place as one of Papworth's permanent workers and " settlers." And he is by no means at a dead end, for Papworth, as does the outside world, offers plenty of scope and opportunity for the ambitious—the General Manager of Papworth's industries is himself an ex-patient.

He need not worry about his accommodation, either. Papworth provides beautiful little cottages—each also a sanatorium in miniature—for its married workers and their families. There are separate hostels for the unmarried workers, every hostel a miniature residential club. There are more than 100 open-air chalets for individual cases, and these are mainly occupied by those in the midway stage between hospital and settlement.

WHAT PAPWORTH HAS ACHIEVED.

It may be interesting to catalogue Papworth's achievements. Any attempt to eulogise them would fail the greatest artist in words.

FIRSTLY, *Papworth provides treatment second to none in some of the finest T.B. hospitals which the world can show.*

SECONDLY, *as already premised, this treatment is aided by Papworth's own research work.*

THIRDLY, *by removing from the patient's mind all anxiety concerning the future, Papworth aids him enormously towards recovery.*

FOURTHLY, *Papworth does in fact provide the patient with a complete and assured future, and with employment which not even a relapse will terminate.*

FIFTHLY, *it provides the right kind of work, in the right sort of environment, and under constant medical supervision.*

SIXTHLY, *by paying to its ex-patients—or settlers—a decent living wage, Papworth renders them completely independent of charity.*

LASTLY, *in undertaking all this work, Papworth relieves the taxpayer of a very considerable burden which would otherwise have to be borne in the public support of these sufferers.*

To this I can only add one final and tremendously significant fact.

FOUR OUT OF FIVE persons are INFECTED with the dormant tubercle bacillus. This article is therefore one of GENERAL INTEREST.

1028

PAPWORTH

The Village of Hope

By WARWICK DEEPING*

IT SHOULD BE understood at the outset that Papworth, in dealing with the tuberculous, regards THE FAMILY as the unit for consideration. It is the economic tragedy that is the real and pitiful tragedy of tuberculosis, the home ruined, the sufferer's prospects vanished and his dependants impoverished. It is this tragedy that Papworth averts.

THE MENACE which tuberculosis brings to civilisation in general, and to this country at the moment in particular, is all too little either understood or appreciated by most of us. It is surely appalling to consider that in our country to-day there are **more than 300,000 known sufferers from the disease,** and that **every year over 33,000 persons perish from T.B.**—some five times as many as the total killed in the infinitely more publicised—and preventable—road accidents.

The great trouble experienced by all those who seek to combat and to check the spread of this great killing diseas he extreme reluctance of its victims either to admit that they have T.B., or to undergo treatment. This reluctance on the part of the sufferers, in the words of an official report, " does indescribable harm in spreading the disease to others." And yet it is a reluctance that is very understandable.

The average sufferer from tuberculosis knows very well that directly he (or she—my masculine must include the feminine throughout this article) admits having it, and is labelled as " consumptive," permanent loss of employment almost inevitably follows, **with its resultant tragedies** of financial hardship, ruined home, misery and hopelessness, all reacting as much or more upon his family and dependants as upon the sufferer himself.

Even when treatment is undergone, how many sufferers can, on discharge from hospital, obtain light, open-air work, special diet, constant medical care and other essential concomitants to recovery? It should be added that in very few cases is the discharged patient ever fit to compete on equal terms in the labour market against normal, healthy persons.

Papworth's President, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, has summed up the whole situation in a most apt remark that " The average worker literally cannot AFFORD to be tuberculous." And so he struggles on, concealing his complaint, a dangerous source—however unwilling—of infection to others—until the inevitable breakdown, presaging and heralding the end.

To these poor, innocent, unfortunate victims of one of the deadliest of humanity's enemies, Papworth Village Settlement (near Cambridge) is an oasis of hope and help in a desert of despair.

---

* *Those interested in these notes should obtain Mr. Deeping's novel " Smith " (Cassell, 3s. 6d.) The book describes some of the experiences of a Papworth patient, and deals with living characters at the Settlement. Through the author's generosity, a large proportion of the royalties are given to Papworth Village Settlement.*

His absence is a distinct loss to débutantes. The few young men who are available as regular escorts for débutantes can be counted on two hands. When you have mentioned Mr. Mason, Mr. Birkin, Mr. Weldon, Mr. Clarence Moore, and the Wards, you have to start thinking hard to add up to the remainder of the list. It is the irony of fate that when there is such a remarkably good vintage of pretty débutantes, there are so few young men available. No wonder that one of the best known of the former says loudly that she prefers married men.

One of the most interesting men in London last week was Captain Spencer Freeman, the organiser of the Irish Sweep Draw. He tells me that money is pouring in faster than ever for the Derby Sweep, and that the prize-money will be more than the enormous sum of two and a-half million pounds.

Racing Hints

By "Old Orkney"

Water Way is very well at present. Fine type of sprinter and she gave her admirers a good run for their money at Leicester. Should prove an early winner.

Young Native was soundly supported in the offices, and the odds were nearly landed at Warwick. Will prove useful over a mile.

Bushranger must be noted for a Juvenile Seller. Carried good money at Lingfield when finishing third. Was placed at Alexandra Park a few days previously.

Sweet and Lovely looked it at Lingfield. There was a plunge on this débutante, who was beaten by the shortest of heads. Was favourite in a field of twenty.

Spearwood was unlucky to be crowded out at the first bend at Alexandra Park. Ran gamely to be beaten on the post. Was backed with confidence and losses will be recovered. A genuine slayer.

Notice Board will be all the better for his Lingfield race. Won over two miles at Manchester last back-end. Has accepted for the Great Metropolitan Stakes.

It is certainly high time that Mayfair won a few prizes. I asked Captain Freeman if he could send me a few statistics with regard to the percentage of money won by people living in the W.1 area. He has now written to say that no one in Dublin seems to know whether Wardour Street, for example, comes into that category. The fact remains that even then the proportion that Mayfair has won, so far, must be infinitely less than ·001 per cent.

I do not often go to exhibitions, but Olympia at the moment is really rather a fascinating place. And you are liable to meet any number of your friends and acquaintances there — most of them looking at water softeners, beds, and the latest kinds of radio-gramophones. A few minutes before I reached the Two-in-One Rooms, Lord Lonsdale had allowed himself to be photographed in the man's bed-sitting-room.

The Dowager Lady Forres, Warwick Deeping, the novelist, Lady Zia Wernher, and Sir Harry McGowan, were some of the people I saw there. Warwick Deeping, naturally enough, was interested in the garden which had been built according to the description of the one he mentions in *Apples of Gold*—a pretty parcel of land shut in by a high thorn hedge, and a really attractive example of gardening which is a great credit to those who constructed it.

Cocktail parties last week included one of his usual series given by Anthony Bradley, in Old Bond Street, and another by Peggy Morris on the same evening. Several of the guests, however, were going to the fight

Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, seen on their arrival at New York on board the "Majestic." The latter was formerly Miss Valerie French

Left: Lady Marguerite Bligh, who was one of the bridesmaids attending Miss Ann Collins at her wedding to Mr. Frederick Stanley

Miss A. Kayser (front), Miss E. Bottomley, Miss B. Grant, Miss D. Kayser, Miss Jessop, and Miss J. Wilks, Society girls who took part in the recent Elizabethan Fayre in aid of the Bassetlaw Conservative and Unionist Association. Their pyjamas appear more neo-Georgian than Elizabethan

JIM LAWRENCE—Peripatetic Jim—is not going around as much as he did. The reason for this is that he is about to take a Chartered Accountant's examination, and this compels him to work all day and have at least nine hours' sleep in the country every night. It does not, however, seem to at the Albert Hall between Carnera and McCorkindale, and so had to leave early. I should imagine, by the way, that Jeff Dickson, the promoter, must have lost money on this. Carnera is rapidly fighting himself out of public interest, and nobody likes to see a good man thrashed in a fight where he has not got

Plump, capable and kindly, it is apparent to everybody who has met Maude Phyllis Deeping that her husband could have found no more suitable companion. Their home in Surrey, England, is one that might be described as a show place except that the Deepings are too unpretentious to treat it as anything but a home. There are ancient gardens—the estate is one of historical interest—there are bits of statutary, a pool like a square sheet of glass, a lovely old garden.

Mr. Deeping is an amateur gardener of notable ability, and, next to writing, growing things command his attention. A mass of pines is clustered close at the back of the Deeping garden. The long, low house is white and a peacock blue door opens immediately on to the lawn. The flower bed is a glowing tapestry.

Mrs. Deeping comes to the door to welcome her guests in a simple and charming manner, her cat and her dog politely but sharply stationed behind her. She is short and slight with dark hair suggesting French blood. She is vivacious and gracious. She carries herself with a perfection that bears no hauteur. About her is an impression of tactful efficiency.

The house runs smoothly from the kitchen to the drawing room. Mrs. Deeping not only attends to her husband's meals and to the less exalted necessities of his life but to all of his correspondance. She protects him from the kind of intrusion that famous writers are subject to and she keeps his working hours undisturbed.

Warwick Deeping rises at seven, has his tea and his pipe and starts his work. He writes at intervals of an hour and a half and in between his working periods he walks in his garden. He works until luncheon and often after tea, but never at night.

Mrs. Deeping is not concerned with intellectual or social movements nor with a career of her own. Her husband fears formidable women who are full of social urges and women who gush at length about his books. His wife is neither, and acts as a buffer against both.

She tells an amusing story of how he was accosted by an enthusiastic feminine admirer on shipboard who managed somehow to discover them in their sheltered corner. "Are you Mr. Deeping?" she shouted. "Ah! I must embrace you!" And she proceeded to do so before Mrs. Deeping could stop her. Usually, however, his wife is on hand to save him from such experiences.

THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY

Discussed by Warwick Deeping

"Parents with grown children have a very difficult relationship," remarked the famous novelist, Warwick Deeping, when interviewed recently in London.

[illegible]

Life and Love

[illegible]

[illegible] not [illegible] countenance in which to lose themselves, [illegible] they can only walk the streets and [illegible] the [illegible]. The [illegible] of modern life makes it hard [illegible] them to get [illegible]. So many people [illegible] seem to be trying to [illegible] somewhere, then dashing back again and at the end of the day have nothing but a headache!

"I often wonder what all this haste is about. Is there a treasure at the end of the journey? They may not last it!

"Is that characteristic of young people, too?"

He [illegible]. "They rush [illegible] eagerly at life."

"And love—?"

"They refuse to put love on a pedestal. The girls are so extremely boyish and 'matey,' that all romance is gone. This is not to their advantage. Truly, the young man of to-day does not want his bride to sit by the fire and spin; but he likes a happy medium, a mixture of femininity and comradeship."

When asked for a little message to youth, Warwick Deeping sums up:

"Youth should have a philosophy of life and earn that taste is one of the essentials. Let every one realise that the business of life is to live [illegible] to grow, the time [illegible]."

Found—the Perfect Marriage

Warwick Deeping, Novelist, Considers His Wife the Ideal Companion, Playmate and Critic

Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Deeping in the Garden of Their Beautiful Home at Weybridge, Surrey, England.

By ALICE ALDEN

WARWICK Deeping, famous author, has written many beautiful love stories, but none is as sweet and romantic as the story of his own perfect marriage, a marriage of companionship, love and devotion. Although the wife of the author of "Sorrell and Son" and other best sellers is unknown to the public, and is rarely photographed for publication, yet every reader of a Warwick Deeping novel knows all about her.

For there is a little bit of her in every Deeping book and in his last novel, "Old Wine and New" she appears as Eleanor, one of the two principal feminine characters. And in every book, she is a beautiful character. Which is one graceful way for an author to pay tribute to his wife.

Working Together

If Warwick Deeping had his say and way, Maude Phyllis Deeping would appear as joint author on the book cover of every one of his books. For this quiet, self-effacing Englishwoman is at his side, while her husband is writing. Every character, every situation, the whole framework of each book is discussed with her. If she does not like a thing, she says so, if she approves, then Deeping elaborates—a character, a situation or a scene. The only surprise, fresh with each novel, is the character who partakes of the appearance and make-up of Mrs. Deeping. Perfect understanding between husband and wife, makes constant tribute and fresh avowals of devotion unnecessary. Love is quietly taken for granted. But Warwick Deeping, wishing to express his devotion for and admiration of his wife, pays her tribute in his novels.

What is she like, this happy wife who is content to bask in the sunshine of her husband's fame without seeking laurels or success for herself? First of all she is content to act as a buffer between her husband, who also is shy and his host of "fans."

An attractive brunette, more the Gallic type in appearance, it is she who receives the visitors who seek out the author at his lovely home at Weybridge, Surrey, England. The Warwick Deeping home is really a showplace, with its lovely pool, priceless statuary, wonderful grounds and historic house. But meeting and talking with Mrs. Deeping, one realizes that more, far more than any showplace, it is a home, a home that shelters a happy couple, every nook and corner bespeaking sweet companionship and mutual understanding. Both the Deepings are enthusiastic gardeners and prefer to talk garden with visitors rather than discuss Mr. Deeping's latest novel.

Sometimes the Deepings leave their beautiful home and travel extensively. And sometimes the excursions are not to the Italian lakes or to Cairo in Winter time but to the seamy side of England, the slums, prisons or consumptive colonies, to obtain material for books.

Gathering Material

Always Mrs. Deeping goes with her husband, for her shrewd insight and quick, observant mind, note what is necessary for the story on hand. For the newest Warwick Deeping novel, "Smith," soon to be published, the Deepings spent much time in Papworth, a consumptive colony in Cambridgeshire, England. And they went out in shabby clothes and battered shoes to sit in public parks with unemployed men and women. They walked for hours in London's slums. They learned something of the poignancy of life from those brave families that keep going despite a pitifully small income. The fruits of their observations will be found in "Smith" and there is pretty sure to be a character reminiscent of Mrs. Deeping too.

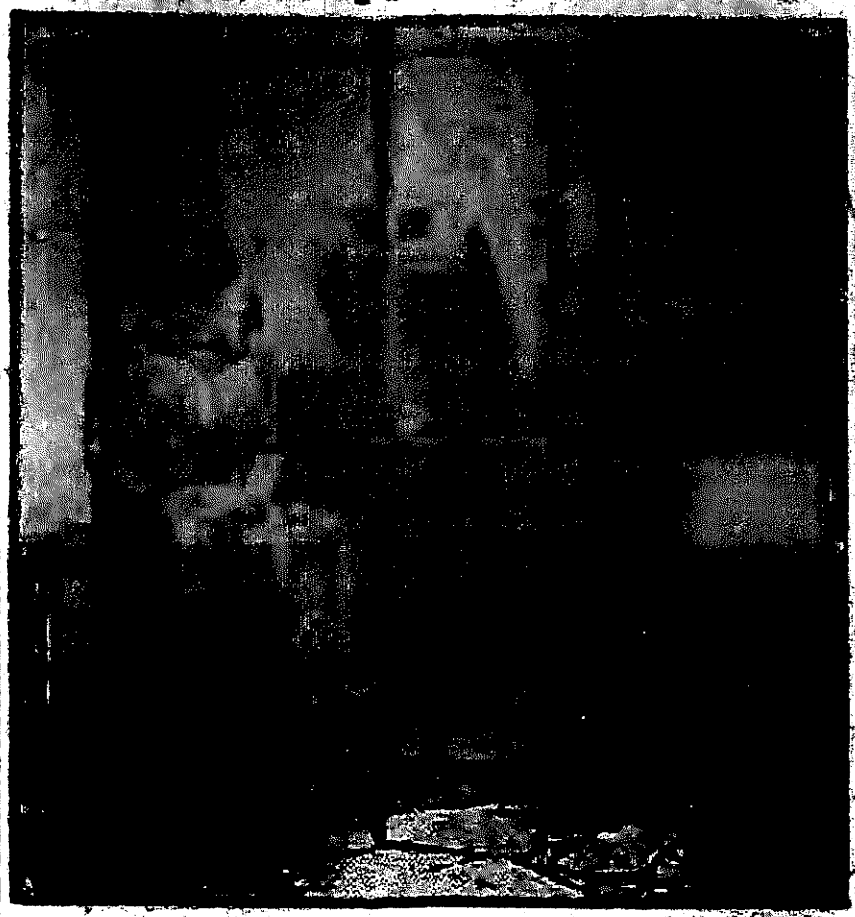
Warwick Deeping was a doctor before he began writing novels and Mrs. Deeping was Maude Phyllis Merrill, daughter of an English army officer. They have no children of their own, but their home is always filled with the children of friends and neighbors. To Mrs. Deeping, her husband is her child, to be loved, served, and surrounded with an atmosphere of joy and serenity.

EVENING POST, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST

New York Evening Post August 31 1932

Wife of an Author

But No Literary Wife, Running About To Teas, Is Quiet Maude Deeping



Maude Phyllis Deeping and her husband pose before their trim car.

Although something of her has appeared in every one of her husband's best sellers, although her traits, her essential character and almost her appearance is known to millions of readers in the United States and Europe, Mrs. Warwick Deeping herself is unknown and self-effacing. It is no secret to those who know Mr. Deeping's books that all the virtues of his heroines are nothing but qualities he sees in his wife; gentleness, deep understanding, patience, wisdom and a rich, substantial beauty that has nothing to do with mere prettiness. Without her, Warwick Deeping confesses himself lost. With her, there is nothing that will prove too difficult for eventual solution.

He calls her "the good comrade," and it is a name which he has not bestowed lightly. He says himself that the success of his marriage is far more important to him than the success of his novels.

"My marriage has given me success," he says, "and that success is due in the main, to the gentleness and courage and sweet sanity of my partner. I ceased to have any use for the pretty-pretty, or for literary cliques. If I need a critic, I have the most understanding and loyal of critics in my wife. There is tranquility in the life we live, thanks to my wife. I want to go on living as long as she lives but I would not want to go on living after she has left me. We have worked—both of us—very hard, and now we love peace, a long chair in the garden, and the adoration of our particular dog. We do not want to reform the world but we do want to do good things for the people who don't whimper."

Plump, capable and kindly, it is apparent to everybody who has met Maude Phyllis Deeping that her husband could have found no more suitable companion. Their home in Surrey, England, is one that might be described as a show place except that the Deepings are too unpreten-

She tells an amusing story of how he was accosted by an enthusiastic feminine admirer on shipboard who managed somehow to discover them in their sheltered corner. "Are you Mr. Deeping?" she shouted. "Ah! I must embrace you!" And she proceeded to do so before Mrs. Deeping could stop her. Usually, however, his wife is on hand to save him from such experiences.

If Mrs. Deeping were not the woman she is, patient, gentle and capable, Warwick Deeping would not be the writer he is. He himself is the first to say so. If she were, for instance, the sort of literary wife who enjoyed going to formal dinners, or cocktail parties, or literary teas, or appearing in diamonds and ermine at theatre openings and other public functions, Deeping could not have written books like "Sorrell and Son" and "Smith," the chronicle of a man's battle with the depression, which will be published on October 1.

To get material for "Smith," a sort of modern "Everyman" concerning a worker who has managed to find happiness despite disease, unemployment and depressions, the Deepings went to Papworth, the famous consumptive colony in Cambridgeshire.

Both the Deepings admire the finities of the world, but they have no use for posturs. Deeping cannot be patient with people who bore him or with those who swindle him. By his own admission he bears malice and waits for the fellow who has smitten him. Though he is generous to his friends, he is ready to go after his enemies with a pistol. With them, as a novelist, he gets fierce and uses tags that he should not use. In one trait Mrs. Deeping shows in [illegible] him and [illegible] poetic, like a wicked child.

LIFE - AND HOPE

Home, Work, Wife and Children

By WARWICK DE PING

Those of us who, when young, delighted in the adventures of Robinson Crusoe or the Swiss Family Robinson might in our maturer years discover in this most wonderful of villages a living book more fascinating than the romances of our childhood.

For from those in this village you can listen to tales of storm and of shipwreck, of men and women who were smothering in the sea, and who were rescued and brought to land.

Death was the sea, and disease their disaster, and for their salvation the spirit of humanity walked upon the bitter waters.

Travel along the Old North Road from Royston and its chalk hills and you come quite suddenly to this green valley.

What do you see ? Newly built cottages, a white-porticoed house on a hill, old trees, an estate office, workshops, hostels, a village hall, a village shop.

The casual motorist might assume that some firm had transferred its works and its workers to the country.

He might pass on without realising that he had touched at Crusoe's Island, and been so near to the most remarkable village community in England.

Ten years or so ago there was nothing here but a farmhouse and its outbuildings, the hall on the hill, and two or three cottages.

Tell this to the casual person and he might reply: "Well, there's nothing very extraordinary about that. Look at Edgware and Hendon."

But if you went on to explain to him that this flourishing

1383/2/3/43

ty had been built up by and for men and women who had been under sentence of death, he might stare at you incredulously and accuse you of leg-pulling.

Think of it! Consider the audacity and the courage and the wisdom that were needed for the conception and carrying through of such an enterprise.

To create a community of the stricken, to provide them with everything that a normal community requires, a hospital, workshops, homes, a school, clubs. To make it self supporting.

To create out of nothing a series of small factories, to train a large number of your operatives, to produce articles of the first quality and to sell them at a profit. Men might many captains of industry quail before such a problem.

When you have seen Papworth, when you grasped the infinite, human significance, the inevitable question rises to your lips.

"How did it begin? How was it possible?"

Assuredly, it is an epic tale, the epic of Life and the White Death. It grew out of the compassion and the prevision of one man.

It began with a tent in a garden. It transferred itself to a village and dared disaster on a capital of three hundred pounds. Still greatly daring, and inspired by its human purpose it came to Papworth.

It became Papworth. It can boast of a trade turnover of some £70,000 a year, and of a population of some eight hundred souls. It became a place of pilgrimage for kings and princes, scientists and sociologists, working men and working women.

Sit and talk to its creator, Sir Pendrill Varrier-Jones, in that quiet room of his in Papworth Hall. He will not boast to you, but he

.f he chooses tell you a story that will move you to wonder and pi'

his wisdom he could understand that there are sick souls as well as sick bodies, and that hopelessness can kill.

Give people hope and you give them life.

Give people work, and hope has foundations upon which to build.

Take a man who has been an outcast because of his disease, and give him once more a place among his fellows, and he is once more a man.

Give him back his home, work, wife and children, and the vitalizing effect upon him may be extraordinary.

"How platitudinous!" one hears the clever little people saying, but the simple things of life are its blood and its bread.

The creator of Papworth can say "As a physician I came to heal and to help, and in helping I became more than a physician."

"I found that I had to turn myself into a tradesman, a manufacturer, a financier, a psychologist, an administrator. And no one has helped me more than many of the men I tried to help."

Probably he will not say these things, but to those who understand the life of Papworth will say them for him.

Let us take a typical case. A working man has developed phthisis. Perhaps he is sent to a sanatorium, leaving his wife and children to do the best they can. His home may have gone, his furniture been sold up. He has ceased to be a bread-winner. His mental distress does not help him.

Perhaps he is discharged from the sanatorium with his disease arrested.

What next ?

He attempts to return to his trade. In all probability he will find

old workshops closed to him. He is tainted, a possible source infection. Other men are not willing to work at his side. He goes elsewhere. Perhaps he conceals the secret of his taint. He gets a job. And then ? He, a man who is not quite fit for the normal struggle, has to keep pace and compete with the fit. He attempts it; he breaks down, and his state, both mental and physical, is more deplorable than ever.

Hopelessness!

From the very beginning Papworth has set itself to combat this terrible hopelessness.

In the workshops of Papworth the man in whom the disease has been arrested does not have to compete with men who are fit.

He is with fellow sufferers. His work is graded. Gradually he is tuned to the rhythm of a working day, but a day that is merciful

His beginnings may be tentative. He is watched, and periodically he is examined. If his physical condition warrants it he becomes four a six hour man. He may become a six hour man. / As far as is practicable he is paid at trade union rates.

He lives in a comfortable hostel. He has all the human fellowship of a community, music, games, books, wireless.

If he is married he may become the tenant of one of the estate cottages, and is joined by his wife and children. Once more he is a creature of hope and pride and self-regard.

He is a man among men, not a poor derelict slowly and hopelessly smothering in his own sputum.

In these rather tired and troubled days of ours one so often hears the cry: "Does anything matter ? Is anything worth while ?

ide our heart-break behind flippancies.

I would say that there is no other place in England so capable of curing us of this maladie moderne.

Is it worth while ? One does not come away from Espworth with such a question on one's lips.

One exclaims : "By God, this is good business. That which is being done here is infinitely worth while."

If life has to be lived on cocktails, what of it ? The patience and courage of such a community as this makes sensationalism appear what it is, mere cringing, cowardice.

Daily Express

Fleet-street, London

CENtral 8000

April 8, 1938

Opinion

Our Refugees

BRITAIN accepts the United States proposal for a committee to deal with refugees from Germany and Austria. The problem excites the pity of all humane folk, yet it needs careful thought as well as sympathy. Yesterday the refugees were German and Austrian. Tomorrow they may be Czechs or Hungarians. What are we to do with those in flight from the distressed countries?

Meantime, don't forget our own refugees trying to escape from the distressed areas. The dole queues are still longer than those formed up at Europe's frontiers.

This Is Our Job

LET us pay more serious attention to our domestic affairs.

How can we cheapen the cost of production, preventing the spiral race of wages chasing prices? How can we confer on an ever - widening circle of British citizens an ever-increasing stock of this world's goods? How can we make the lives of our children more bountiful, more intelligent, more useful, more beautiful than our own?

These are the problems which are always with us—unsolved yet.

Who Counts In France?

PARIS crowds demonstrate against the Senate which is busy turning down the financial proposals of Blum, the French Premier. In the streets they call the Senate a "Bastille," but it is almost certain this time that Blum, not the Bastille, will fall.

Some fear that the recurring French trouble at home may be taken as a sign of weakness by her enemies. They are wrong. It's France's military strength that worries her potential enemies, not her politicians.

Five Roads To Safety

THE French do not expect war, which shows that they are wise.

But the French calmly and quietly prepare to lessen the risks of war, if it should ever come, which shows that the French are *very* wise.

The Paris Government know well that you cannot provide complete shelter against bombing for all the people of Paris. So they set about providing the means of getting the Parisians out of the range of the bombs.

Five great new wide avenues will drive new ways to safety, from the heart of Paris to the open country. Londoners might be interested in that scheme.

Lost Knowledge

COUNT up the hazards of farming. Then add to the risks of drought and storm the chances of disease destroying the cattle herds so laboriously bred and reared. The foot-and-mouth scourge threatens to do that now.

Who would be a farmer? Yet our agricultural policy is gradually wiping out the farmer—and the KNOWLEDGE he has gained by long practice of his art. Without that knowledge the hazards of farming will beat Man every time, and it cannot be got from books.

Free The Air!

DON'T worry about the German bombers "seen" over Czecho-Slovakia. They are the same planes supposed to have flown over this country, existing only in the imagination.

Turn your thoughts more to the places where the nations' planes of peace CANNOT fly.

All over Europe there are places over which foreign planes are not permitted to fly, airports where they must not land. The air maps of Europe are a vast mass of prohibitions, reminding you of Drake's time, when the ports of the New World were closed to all but the Spaniards. Trade proved the necessity of welcoming the ships of all nations in all the ports of the world. The plane is still suspect.

How To Take It

THE blows fall heavily on Sir Abe Bailey, the seventy-three-year-old South African millionaire. His second leg is amputated within a year of losing his first, enough to kill the spirit of most men. Yet he issues his own cheerful bulletins, dictates letters and cables to his friends.

Now, brothers and sisters, how are YOU facing up to your troubles?

One Way To Live

WITH a few flowers in my garden, half a dozen pictures and some books, I live without envy.

—Lope de Vega.

"FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE."

The man who wrote "Sorrell & Son" is growing potatoes

article written by

Warwick Deeping

after reading this on the front page of yesterday's Daily Express

WE are a strange people.

Maybe we shall always need a brutal blow in the face before we wake to realities.

We grumble because the powers that be do not see their way to insure our house property against war risks. But we do very little to insure our bellies against starvation.

Most of us know, or should know, that we have to import about 60 per cent of our food.

We prate about liberty, but if war comes this England of ours may well be a beleaguered citadel.

A CITADEL may have shells and guns and men to fire them, but if the food falls the strongest citadel must surrender.

We are thinking too much in terms of machines and too little of our bodies.

What broke Germany in the last war? Lack of food, and, as a result, failing morale.

What is helping to break Republican Spain? Lack of munitions and lack of food. It is said that at this moment the people of Republican Spain are being kept alive on broccoli.

No, I am not an alarmist. I want England to insure against the chances of an empty belly.

IMAGINE our great cities and our ports and our distributive centres and railway communications bombed, not as Barcelona is being bombed, but ten times more terribly.

Imagine the possible disorganisation. Imagine hundreds of thousands of people pouring in panic out of London into the Home Counties. In a couple of days, probably, they would become starving, looting mobs. Local supplies would be swallowed up, gardens and farms raided; hunger, disorder, terror everywhere.

I am told that in the townlet where I live the local supplies of food might last the general population for a week. How quickly would a locust flight of refugees consume it!

One day's starvation can reduce one's morale to vanishing point. I have experienced it, and I know.

Well, what is one to do?

What can thousands of us do?

Help to provision the citadel, insure our stomachs.

I would have all of us who can grow food that can be stored for a period.

Let us leave farming out of account.

What can the ordinary citizen who lives in the country or on the outskirts of a town do?

Grow potatoes, beet, carrots, a long-keeping onion like the James.

I would have every odd piece of land dug and cropped.

In many building estates there are vacant spaces. I would persuade the owner to loan such land to applicants who promised to crop it.

I would have every landowner give facilities to men who were willing to grow additional food.

I would have every local authority initiate some scheme of its own.

PERSONALLY I am engaged in turning up my own small piece of grassland, and I am growing storage crops this year, not next year. I do not propose to sell any of the crop. I shall distribute it to people, cottagers, who can use it. This isn't charity; it is common *sense*.

I would have none of this food grown for sale. It should be for the use of the community, a voluntary effort in the cause of food insurance.

Now a few figures about the plain potato.

I have taken my figures, not from an agricultural treatise, but from the budgets of working-men.

Here are some:—

	Per year.
1. Three in family	7cwts.
2. Two in family	4cwts.
3. Two in family	1½cwts.
4. Four in family	4cwts.
5. Two in family	8cwts.
6. Two in family	3cwts.

The variations are due to the wage rate and the standard of living. Say we strike an average of four hundredweights per family of three per year.

What would our war rate be?

Supposing we doubled it.

Eight hundredweights per family of three.

A rod of soil will grow on an average one hundredweight of potatoes. There are variations due to soil and manure, etc.

Therefore we should need eight rods per family.

I HOPE to grow about four tons this year, enough for ten families at a war rate. That would supply ten families of three, thirty persons.

It is only a small thing, but if thousands of us set to and crop thousands of acres there will be a mass of additional food for the citadel.

But some one will ask: "My dear fool, if war doesn't come, won't all your spuds rot? And what about the people who live on growing potatoes?"

I reply: "No, my spuds won't rot. I know plenty of families where they will be welcome even in peace time."

As for the professional growers, are we to risk starvation to please a small section of the community?

At present, I am told, the country can just about grow its own year's supply of potatoes.

If war came, this supply might last us a very few months, if the potato was to be our standby, and supplement wheat.

Remember that it takes about eighteen months when a planting season has gone by for the land to produce a war-crop.

AND what about our Navy and Mercantile Marine? Do we count them out of court?

Believe me, none of us quite appreciates the havoc and disorganisation we might be subjected to in modern aerial warfare.

It doesn't take long to starve; it doesn't take long for masses of starving people to get out of hand. Thousands might be starving in Middlesex while Devon was not feeling the pinch.

But if we could increase our local supplies, create a green belt of growth round all cities, the crisis would be mitigated.

We could keep the citadel provisioned.

We should be saved.

Mr. C. Foul

Daily Express Staff Reporter

HULL, Wednesday.

EAST YORKSHIRE Farmers Union at Hull today decided to call on the National Farmers Union to hold public meetings in cities and towns all over the country to warn the nation of the country's unpreparedness for war from the point of view of food production.

A resolution passed stated that—

Those who knew the facts were seriously disturbed by the apparent apathy of the Government to the question of food supplies in case of war, and believed it should be made widely known that—The position of Agriculture was infinitely worse than that in 1914.

The standard of cultivation was lower.

The available man power was seriously diminished.

It would be impossible in reasonable time to secure from the land an adequate supply of food in wartime in a national emergency.

Mr. Hugh Bishop

LETTERS

Licence

THE idea of the Wembley (Middlesex) education authorities, who propose to issue "cycle licences" to schoolchildren, is not new. At the Chesterton Senior School (Cambridge, this system has been in operation for some time.

Before a cycle licence is issued to a scholar, who must reside more than half a mile from the school, his parents complete an application form stating that the cycle is really roadworthy. Periodic tests of brakes, bells, etc., are carried out.

Children know that they run the risk of having their licences suspended or cancelled for lack of road manners, and appreciate that it is for their own safety.

S. J. Granfield, Milton-road, Cambridge.

Lonely Soul

I KNOW no women, and only one man, besides myself, who enjoys Beethoven and chess. I know only one woman and four men who can appreciate books like those by Huxley, Lawrence and Aldington, not to mention such gigantic wits as Beerbohm and Shaw.

I think this is deplorable.

Bernard Collinson, Cresswell-road, Twickenham.

Nomenclature

WHY do you always refer to factory workers as "men and girls"? "Women and boys" would be more appropriate.

My experience is that the majority of "men" workers are boys under eighteen, and the "girls" are mostly women over twenty-one and married at that.

R. Shepherd, Brixton-road, London, S.W.9.

No, there are more grown men than boys under eighteen in factories, though one can't say how many because the Ministry of Labour figures don't split the sexes up into age groups. And "girls" is a courtesy title.

No Mud

THE thrushes around Streatley, Berks, are building their nests without lining them with mud this year. I am wondering if this is widespread and if it is caused by the shortage of rain.

H. Higley, Whitchurch, Reading.

Rather unusual; maybe some eccentric thrushes, or maybe the nests weren't completed. But it is unlikely to be due to the shortage of rain; there is still plenty of water.

Hike

I CONSIDER the thirty-five-mile marching test by specially trained soldiers to be no testimonial for the Army.

My battalion, 1/10th London Regiment (T.A.), while carrying out their divisional training in July 1915, marched from Hatfield, Herts, to Great Gaddesden, the other side of Hemel Hempstead, carried out a night attack over another five miles of country, returned to Great Gaddesden for breakfast, and then marched back to Hatfield, all within twenty-four hours.

Total distance covered, fifty miles, complete in full marching order with packs. There were only two men in the battalion who fell out on the line of march out of 1,000. . . .

A. E. Murphy, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.4.

Hurry Calls

YOU printed a letter of mine a few weeks ago against summoning doctors for exceeding the speed limit while working.

I have been summoned twice, and had my licence endorsed each time. I now have to crawl around at 25 m.p.h., knowing that a future endorsement means a suspension of licence, though . . . five minutes' delay may mean a calamity.

You might take a vote and see how many favour facilities being afforded to doctors as they already are to ambulances and police.

(Dr.) R. F. Matthews, Plough Green, Worcester Park, Surrey.

By the Way

by Beachcomber

YESTERDAY was a dull day for Walter Spigmatt, a calico worker of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. When Walter was five his brother Tom went to Cochin-China. They have never met since. But yesterday the Post Office arranged for Walter to send a special Golden Voice Greeting to Tom over the telephone. Walter sent the greeting, but Tom rang off before it was finished. "We never liked each other," said Walter after the moving ceremony was over. A Mrs. Urph, who was Mr. Spigmatt, when television is perfected you will be able to see Tom as well as talk to him." Walter Spigmatt grunted.

After the ceremony tea and cakes were served in a special Post Office shed, but it was discovered that the hero of the occasion had gone.

Heigh-Ho!

MY favourite newspaper is once This time it has discovered the red-hot fact that the recent war in Abyssinia is still being won by the Abyssinian tribesmen. Wait till the rains come, and so forth.

My own impeccable news agency adds that Liberal explorers in the Daily Express have discovered a complete Ethiopian Government—Cabinet, House of Lords, House of Commons, all saturated in the principles of Liberalism, and as democratic that each warrior carries his own ballot-box with him when he goes on a journey.

Mighty Like A Rose

SO tangled is the Mexican oil situation that Captain Foulenough has had to issue a statement to the effect that Foulenough is not an alias for Rickett. General Cadenas then announced that Rickett is not an alias for Foulenough. Mr. Bernard Smith, of New York, added that his real name was neither Rickett nor Foulenough. Mrs. Dolly Widdon said she preferred not to disclose her real name, but Miss Vopper turned out to be Commandant Ringbaum, who, in his turn, is Lady Blocking, of the Marjota, Debenham-cum-Freebody. A Miss Angela Glossop, bidding on behalf of the Clergy Review of the Arts, is undoubtedly Mr. Arthur Henniker, and Mrs. Wilgemann is either Mr. Askew or the Newfoundland Zinc-Plating Trust.

Hardy Island Race

(Heave Bally Well Ho!)

An illuminated fountain fitted with flowers will be a feature of the new liner. The swimming pool will be tiled in glass and the pillars and balustrades will be encased in golden quartzite.

(News item.)

Has The Swallow A Roe?

I APPEND a few figures from the records of the Social Spying Society, founded by our old friend Prodnose, with the object of creating more opportunities for people to interfere in their neighbours' private affairs with impunity. I hear, by the way, that the society is to join forces with the health, beauty, and fitness ramp, the anti-litter "crusade," and the P.E.N. Club.

10,346 people out of 14,348 put on their shirts before their waistcoats.

736,401 left-handed people sleep with their noses inside the bedclothes.

3,841 women, asked suddenly in the street to look at the sun through a hole in the western edge of a brown bottle, began to giggle. 248 refused. 174 fainted. 9,384 called the police. 98 summoned the fire-brigade. 1,280 wrote to their solicitors. 191 wrote to the papers. Nine sulked. 19,434 complied with the request, but held the bowler in the wrong way. One woman had hysterics. These figures have been certified correct, after an examination of the books, by Birdlime, Birdlime, Birdlime and Birdlime, chartered accountants, actuaries, average adjusters and underwriters to the signet.

Decorating and DIY advice on the shelves

IF THE imminent arrival of spring and, hopefully, better weather has encouraged thoughts of decorating or repairs then a good place to start is your local library.

It may not provide a cleaning and decorating service but it does provide the next best thing, the books with ideas and advice to do it yourself.

A good starting point for advice on repairs and projects is *The Which Book Of Do It Yourself* by Mike Lawrence, and *The Reader's Digest Complete D.I.Y. Manual*. Both include guides to techniques, tools and materials. The latter also has design ideas for different rooms and they both use clear step-by-step instructions.

For outside the home, *Colins Outdoor D.I.Y. Projects In a Weekend* by Jackson and Day again has clear, simple instructions for carrying out a number of projects such as making a window box or repairing fences. A useful feature is a guide to the time needed to complete the jobs from a few hours to a weekend.

Special

For the more ambitious, *The Complete Home Decorating Book* by Nicholas Barnard is a guide to home decorating and furnishing including the many decorating techniques fashionable just now such as special paint effects.

A popular feature of the television programmes and magazines on home improvement is promoting ideas for transforming ordinary objects into something special.

Just Junk: New Looks For Old Furniture by Linda Barker of BBC's Changing Rooms has tips on how to spot the potential of treasures from attics and second-hand shops.

Instructions on a range of popular decorative techniques including decoupage and stencilling will help even the inexperienced decorator and there is also a section on basic repairs.

LIBRARY NEWS

Having brilliantly redesigned and decorated the home everything must then of course be in the right place.

Feng Shui For the Home by Sarah Shurety is an illustrated guide to creating an harmonious, happy and prosperous environment.

The essential principles of Feng Shui are explained followed by a check list of dos and don'ts with practical ideas to transform the less than perfect situation, including a special section on how to declutter your home.

These are just a few of the many books with ideas for design and decoration that can be found in local libraries.

If a particular title is not in your own local library it can be obtained for you, a small charge may be made for this service.

Gardening volunteers required

Volunteers are needed by the National Trust to help with an important restoration project in the walled gardens at Clumber Park.

The trust is replanting the central part of the two-acre garden to show how it once looked. It would have had about 30 gardeners looking after it at the turn of the century but now there are only two.

Regular help with planting, border trimming and general maintenance is needed. Anyone interested can contact Claire Herring or Neil Porteous on 01909 476592.

Novelist mentioned family's brewing background

ASKED to name Newark's most outstanding connection with the world of literature, most of us would probably think of the poet Lord Byron.

His ancestral home was at Newstead Abbey and his first poems were printed in a shop in Newark Market Place.

In more recent times, however, Newark can claim connections with one of this century's most popular and successful novelists, Warwick Deeping (1877 - 1950).

Warwick Deeping — christened George Warwick Deeping — was a relation of the Warwick family of Newark who founded Warwicks and Richardsons brewery on Northgate.

His most popular book, *Sorrell and Son* published in 1925, is still a favourite today, and in the 1980s was the subject of a successful television adaptation on ITV.

Dominant

In all, between the end of the first world war and his death in 1950, Warwick Deeping wrote more than 60 bestselling novels, many of which were translated and sold abroad as well as forming the basis for a number of films.

It has been said that, in an age when the printed word was the dominant entertainment medium, Warwick Deeping was at the top of the popular novelist tree. He enjoyed the kind of international star status we generally associate today with entertainers or media personalities. Fans became such a nuisance at his home in Weybridge, Surrey, that he was obliged to erect a 20ft high trellis fence to keep them out.

In recent years the appreciation of Warwick Deeping's work has moved into a new sphere by attracting the attention of academics.

In Sheffield, for instance, Mrs Mary Grover is currently working towards a Ph.D. entitled: *Construction the Middle Brow Reader with reference to the novels of Warwick Deeping*. In the early Seventies a German academic, Ingrid Watschke, produced her doctoral thesis entitled: *Das Bild des Englischen Menschen in Romanen George Warwick Deeping. (The portrait of the English Gentleman in the novels of Warwick Deeping).*

GEORGE WARWICK DEEPING (1877-1950), one of the most popular novelists of the early 20th Century and a relative of the Warwick brewing family of Newark.

LOOKING BACK | **By Tim Warner**

Dr Wotschke now lives in Magdeburg, Germany, and has kindly supplied the photograph for this week's article.

The family connection between Warwick Deeping and the Warwick brewing family may be traced back to the early 19th Century when, in 1809, William Warwick (1794-1838), a native of Pickering in Yorkshire arrived in Newark.

He came to work as a clerk in the Handley bank on Northgate (later Castlegate) and in May 1816 married Mary Deeping, daughter of a noted local 'surgeon' from Hawton.

William and Mary had six sons and six daughters, their second son, Richard, becoming head of Handleys brewery and subsequently founder of the Warwick and Richardsons empire. It was William and Mary's eldest son, William Rollinson Warwick (1817-1892), however, from whom the family's literary connections derives.

William Rollinson Warwick did not enter the brewing trade, but made his career as a medical practitioner in Southend. He married Ann Miller of Great Wakering in Essex and fathered two sons and six daughters.

The second daughter was named Marianne, and it was she who re-affirmed the Warwick connection with the name of Deeping when she married George Davidson Deeping, a Southend doctor and JP. They had two children, a daughter and a son, the latter being christened George Warwick Deeping, the future novelist.

George Warwick Deeping was born at Southend in 1877, and after attending the Merchant Taylors' School and Trinity College Cambridge, followed in his father's footsteps to train as a doctor.

He studied at the Middlesex Hospital and practised as a country doctor for a year before joining the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1915.

For the rest of the first world war he served in Gallipoli, Egypt and France attaining the rank of Major.

Before the war he had published a small number of novels and the modest success which they had achieved encouraged him to leave medicine and make literature his principal occupation.

It was a decision which was to prove entirely sound. An almost unbroken string of bestselling novels followed, among which may be listed: *Old Pybus* (1928), *Doomsday* (1927) and *Kitty* (1928).

Perhaps not surprisingly Deeping drew much inspiration from his immediate surroundings in Weybridge, but was certainly not averse to drawing on his Newark ancestry as well — albeit sometimes presenting them in a less than flattering light.

Fictional

In *Valour* (1918) he hints at his family's brewing background when the hero's father is disdainfully referred to as a Midlands maltster.

In *Sincerity* (1912), it is possible that the fictional town of Navestock with its narrow red brick yards, market square and old inns is based on Newark.

Warwick Deeping is certainly known to have visited his family in Newark from time to time, particularly his uncle, William Arthur Warwick, who, prior to 1928 lived at Balderton Hall.

Warwick Deeping died at his country home, Eastlands, in Weybridge on April 20, 1950.

Assessing his work during his lifetime, the critic Elmer Davis noted: "The world teems and overflows with art authors; Mr Deeping is something rarer and perhaps more significant, the producer of books to which several thousand people came back in grateful relief after sampling the products of the art authors."

Warwick Deeping's novels still have much to recommend them to modern readers, and a special collection of some of his best is now available for loan through Newark Library.

PLAY BRIDGE

with Dr Alan Macey

THERE are many situations in bridge when one player is fairly sure that the partnership has enough strength for game but it is not at all clear in which denomination the game should be bid.

Both South and North had a problem of this sort when the deal shown today was played.

When North opened one club, South could count that his partnership held at least 25 high card points, which is usually enough for a game contract in three no-trumps or in four of a major suit, provided the two players can find an eight card fit in hearts or spades.

But to make game in a minor suit, which requires 11 tricks, as many as 28 points are often required.

South knew that his partnership could not make game in a major suit, because his partner was most unlikely to hold a five card major after having opened the auction with a bid of one club.

So several players in the South seat jumped immediately to the contract of three no-trumps, taking a chance with the heart suit.

West then had an obvious lead of the queen of hearts, and South's contract went one down when East-West took the first five tricks.

At other tables, South bid one diamond, hoping to hear his partner bid hearts. But when North re-bid two clubs, the problem came back to South.

South then had a choice between the bids of three clubs and three diamonds and, depending on which he chose, North was likely to bid five clubs or five diamonds.

Inspection of all the hands shows that the contracts of five clubs or five diamonds both fail as long as West plays a heart when he is on lead or when he wins the lead in clubs.

The only game contract which can succeed with these cards is the contract of three no-trumps when it is played by North.

North's king of hearts is then protected because East is on lead.

East is likely to lead a spade and North can then make his contract with nine quick tricks without losing the lead.

From a field of 12 pairs, only two players in the North seat bid three no-trumps.

When South bid diamonds and then re-bid three clubs, these two players reasoned that they were more likely to make nine tricks in no-trumps rather than 11 tricks in clubs or diamonds, and they were right.

DEALER NORTH
LOVE ALL

North: ♠ A9 ♡ K4 ♢ 853 ♣ AK8743

West: ♠ Q65 ♡ QJ975 ♢ 109 ♣ Q109

East: ♠ J10742 ♡ A1032 ♢ J62 ♣ 5

South: ♠ K83 ♡ 86 ♢ AKQ74 ♣ J62

WARWICK DEEPING INTERVIEWED.

A SUSSEX NOVELIST AT HOME.

Some few months ago, a "Chronicle" representative set out on the Battle-Whatlington Road with the intention of calling on Mr. Warwick Deeping. His only idea of the whereabouts of the house was its name, and the information that it stood on the right-hand side of the road. The name, of course, was a reliable clue, but after journeying a considerable distance from Mount Street he passed a quaint white house standing back from the road some yards, and entrance to the grounds of which is gained by a white gate. On this the name of the domicile is not given, but through the high hedges one catches a glimpse of an old world garden, which seems to possess the very atmosphere of such an individual as an author. The writer dismounted his cycle, and entered the grounds purely on "spec" that Mr. Warwick Deeping lived there. So it proved. The author, whose name is familiar everywhere, and especially in East Sussex, was busily engaged in what may be termed a distasteful branch of gardening, and he was dressed in his "best gardening best." He was good enough on that occasion to promise an interview with the "Chronicle," but he added, with a smile, "I would rather see you when I am dressed a little differently."

Recently, Mr. Warwick Deeping kindly fulfilled that promise, and received the "Chronicle" representative in a cosy sitting-room, looking out on the charming rock garden to which allusion has already been made.

A DOCTOR'S SON.

The name of Deeping has been so prominent in East Sussex for the last twenty years or so that it may come as a surprise to many of his local admirers to learn that Mr. Warwick Deeping was born at Southend, in the year 1877, to be exact. His father, Dr. George Deeping, was a retired medical practitioner and afterwards came to Hastings, where he became a well-known and highly esteemed personage in local affairs. He was, at the time of his death about five years ago, the President of the Hastings Conservative Association, being the immediate predecessor of Mr. Harvey Du Cros, and he was also closely identified with Christ Church, Blacklands, the Vicar of which, the late Canon Hodges was a near relative of his. Dr. Deeping resided, and Mrs. Deeping still does, at Oaklands, St. Helen's Park, a charming house set amid some of the most beautiful surroundings which Hastings has to offer.

MR. WARWICK DEEPING.

Mr. Warwick Deeping was originally destined for a medical career, and after leaving the Merchant Taylor's School he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and there took his M.A. degree. Among his contemporaries at Trinity were Dr. Etherington Smith, whose sad death a week or two ago after performing an infectious operation will be recalled, and with whom Mr. Deeping conducted chemical demonstrations, and Professor Jeanes, a well-known mathematician. Max Pemberton, the novelist, left the Merchant Taylor's School just before Mr. Deeping arrived.

Leaving Cambridge in 1899, Mr. Deeping was a student at the Middlesex Hospital for three years and, later, he became an assistant at a small parish in Berkshire, where he remained for a year.

THE CALL OF LITERATURE.

Writing, however, had always held a strong fascination for him, and he started practising the art very early. "I used to scribble a lot years ago," he said, with delightful candour, "I wrote a tremendous lot of poetry, a good deal of which was nonsense." While professionally engaged in Berkshire he wrote "Uther and Igraine," and he was lucky enough, as he put it, to make something of a hit with his first novel. Success attended the publication of this novel to such an extent that he gave up medicine and took seriously to writing.

Most of the Deeping novels are familiar to readers, but among his best achievements, since the writing of "Uther and Igraine" are "The Return of the Petticoat," "The Red Saint"—a book of remarkably high literary power—"Joan of the Tower," "Bess of the Woods," "The Rust of Rome," and "Fox Farm."

The tastes of the reading public and the views of the critics vary so much that it would be difficult to assign to any one book the dignity of "best," but when asked which he considered his finest work, he reflected a little, as if weighing up the different points of the more prominent books, and expressed the view that "Sincerity" was his best. And many of his readers will heartily agree.

"Sincerity" vies with "Uther and Igraine" for the distinction of being best received by the critics, and at the time it was published the theme was two years old. By a curious coincidence the book—which deals with the evils of housing conditions in a small town—was issued at the time that the controversy on the housing problem in Battle was at its height, and certainly some of the circumstances which are described so vividly in "Sincerity" have a local corollary. Mr. Deeping remarked upon this: "I was much amused at the coincidence myself," he said, "but I did not have Battle in my mind when I was writing "Sincerity"

THE WRITING.

"How long does it take you to write a novel?" the interviewer asked.

"About six or seven months as a rule. That is the actual writing, of course. I always work the plot right out mentally, and write a rough sketch out in chapters before I write the novel. I do most of my writing in the morning after breakfast, later in the day, after tea, and a little in the evening. Of course, I have to read, and the only thing I read little of is novels. What I do read is something more solid."

Mr. Deeping thinks the novel of to-day is on a higher level than obtained thirty or forty years ago. Dickens and Thackeray, of course, are in a class by themselves, but he thinks there is a distinct improvement in the modern novel compared with its predecessor. He is a great admirer of H. G. Wells, Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett. Competition is much keener in the literary world, and there are five writers to-day where thirty years ago there was one. In commencing a career in literature to-day, one is taking a great risk—a very great risk. "The publishers tell me that they don't want new authors—they are a sort of a glut on the market. Unless you make a hit straight away you have not much chance nowadays. The reading public has increased a great deal, and there is still plenty of room for the good novel—but it must be good." Mr. Deeping emphasised the old dictum that there is no royal road to success in literature. "Hard work and experience are the only ways I know of," he said, "you may write for years before you learn your art."

It is worthy of special mention that Warwick Deeping—the "Mister" is pardonably dispensed with in speaking of novelists—dates his best period of writing from the time he came to Battle—in 1905. Mr. and Mrs. Deeping then lived at the farmhouse opposite their present residence, but they did not stay there very long. Their present domicile "Gate Cottage" stands in its own grounds, which are laid out in a most charming manner. Both Mr. and Mrs. Deeping are keen amateur gardeners and have laid out the entire garden. The design is quainly picturesque, and looks almost as if it were just now. The lawns are well kept, and are ornamented by rock-bordered flower beds and artificial arches, and surrounded by a path made of the old Netherfield slabstone. A tiny lake graces the lawn in front of the house, and the general aspect of the garden is one of singular charm.

HOBBIES.

Gardening ranks, perhaps, as Mr. Deeping's favourite hobby, but it by no means exhausts the list. Both he and his wife are enthusiastic motorists, and may frequently be seen enjoying a spin along the country roads in the neighbourhood of their home. No reader of a Deeping novel needs telling that the novelist is a great lover of Sussex, and being gifted with the observant eye and the love of nature, he thoroughly enjoys the delights of the Sussex countryside as he flits by in his car.

He is also a keen golfer, and is a member of the Beckley Club. On several occasions he has played on the Bexhill Club links, and he paid the club the compliment of saying that everything is well managed, the course is well looked after, and he has thoroughly enjoyed each visit. He has also played on the Cooden course, which he thinks is a fine one. He has travelled, but not so extensively as some of his readers may have supposed, nor as he would have liked. He and Mrs. Deeping winter abroad, generally in the South of France and Italy, but they hope to go further afield later on, and may possibly visit the Colonies. He has been invited to go to America, but has not availed himself of the invitation yet awhile. When he goes on holiday, he makes it a holiday, and does not necessarily go in search of "copy"—if a journalistic term may be applied to the literary world.

If he himself has not travelled abroad his name has, and he frequently receives letters from total strangers in the Colonies. Many of them, he says, are Australian girls, who offer gratuitous advice and express sundry observations on the merits of each book. A change from the succession of such romantic letters—as the writers probably regarded them—was one from a young fellow, a friend of Mr. Deeping, who arrived in the Antipodes a short time ago feeling rather homesick. The first paper he picked up contained "The House of Spies" in serial form, and this breeze from the country made the lonely new colonist feel quite happy—and so he told Mr. Deeping in a letter.

"The House of Spies," the latest from the versatile pen of Warwick Deeping, is enjoying a good sale, and has been favourably received by the critics. As a general rule, he does not read reviews of his own books. "Some of them make me unduly pleased; others make me nuduly cross. It is a bad mixture, so I don't trouble to read many of them." He prefers to hear the criticisms of his friends, from whom he considers he gets the best advice. Among his personal friends are Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Miss Betham Edwards, and Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, the latter of whom is head of the famous publishing firm of Cassell and Co., who publish most of Mr. Deeping's books. Eveleigh Nash, and Grant Richards are other houses from which Deeping novels have emanated.

MRS. DEEPING.

Mrs. Warwick Deeping does not do any writing herself, but she is a keen student of literature, a sound critic, and a great reader. Mr. Deeping paid her the compliment of saying that she often gave him some very good advice in his literary work, and her knowledge of the modern novel has been of great assistance to him. She is also a gifted pianist.

Unlike his father, Mr. Warwick Deeping is not a public man. He and Mrs. Deeping are supporters of several public bodies, but he does not court publicity. To the great delight of other members of the Battle Parliament he joined the society mid-way through the session, and sat on the Labour benches, but he did not give the House an opportunity of hearing him speak.

Perhaps the key to Mr. Warwick Deeping's charming personality is to be found in the title of his favourite book "Sincerity." It is the absolute sincerity of Warwick Deeping, so apparent in his novels, which is one of his salient characteristics. He is always seeing the good in everthing—and it is because he sees so many good points in each of the political parties that he prefers watching the trend of events from the armchair in his study rather than joining in the fray himself. That, perhaps, is one of the reasons why he will never become a party politician, and will always rank as a great writer, because he writes heartily, as well as trenchantly and brilliantly.

Around the Villages.

LITTLE COMMON

The advent of the motor-coach from Bexhill, on Wednesday morning, at the Wheatsheaf Inn, was witnessed with much satisfaction. Many people have already made journeys by it, and it is hoped that its regular trips to Little Common will be of great advantage to the district.

Mr. T. C. Clarke, of Howard's Farm Cottage, writes stating that it was his father who was injured in the tram accident in the De La Warr Road on Whit Monday, and not Mr. Routledge, as stated, and adds:—"You say he was stretching out his hand when the other car passed, but he was doing nothing of the sort. He had got his hand on the rail of the car, like most people do, when the other car came along and swayed, and it caught the back of my father's hand and tore it so badly that he had to go to the East Sussex Hospital."

CROWHURST

Owing to the recent Suffragette outrages the church is now closed to visitors during the week except for a few hours in the afternoon, when an attendant is in charge of the sacred edifice.

The gift of linen to the Parish Church, made recently by Mrs. Cheesman, of Mill House, was used for the first time on Sunday last, being Trinity Sunday. So, too, was the antique silver chalice, the gift of the Misses Chadwick, of Merstham, Surrey, in memory of their parents, who are buried in Crowhurst Churchyard. In making the presentation the Misses Chadwick intimated to the Rev. J. P. Bacon Phillips, the Rector, that it was their wish the chalice should be first used at the Trinity Sunday Holy Communion.

The members of the Crowhurst and Black Horse Friendly Society dined together at the Black Horse Inn, on Wednesday, under the chairmanship of Mr. H. T. Simmons, J.P., their president. It was the 61st annual gathering, and the accounts showed receipts £269 12s. 6d., and sick pay £174, or £54 14s. 6d. more than last year. There was a balance in hand, at the bank, of £11 17s. 7d., in the Secretary's hands, of 7s., and in the stewards', of £22. The sum of £253 12s. 10d. remained to the credit of the Society at the Post Office, and £66 2s. 11d. was in hand on the Funeral Fund Deposit Account. The value of the funds had decreased by over £89 on account of the extraordinary amount of sick pay. Several interesting speeches were delivered, and a capital musical programme added to the enjoyment of the evening.

DALLINGTON

WEDDING.

There was a pretty wedding in Dallington Parish Church, on Tuesday afternoon. The bridegroom was Mr. George Bryant, of Bexhill, and the bride Miss May Downgate, youngest daughter of Mr. Jesse Hewitt Downgate, of Dallington. The Rev. J. L. Pelly Hatten performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of blue cashmere, with hat to match, and carried a handsome bouquet of lilies. She was attended by her sisters, Kate and Elizabeth, the former being dressed in blue and the latter in white. Mr. Bishop, of Bexhill, was best man. There were many useful and valuable presents. During the afternoon and evening there were several merry peals from the Church Tower.

MOUNTFIELD

The Mountfield Cricket Club opened their season on Saturday in fine weather, with a match with Etchingham. After an exciting game the visitors won by 19 runs.

The fixtures arranged by Mr. Harold Harris include the following: May 17, Battle, away; May 31, Hurst Green, away; June 14, Robertsbridge, home; June 21, Staplecross, away; July 5, Netherfield, away; July 12, Staplecross, home; July 19, Robertsbridge, away; July 26, Battle, home; Monday, Aug. 4, Hastings Old Town C.C., home; August 16, Netherfield, home; August 23, Hurst Green, home; September 6, Etchingham, away.

NINFIELD

NINFIELD AND DISTRICT RIFLE CLUB. PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

The season 1912-13 closed for the above club on Saturday last, and a fair number of members assembled at their headquarters, the King's Arms, to meet Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Thomas, of Moor Hall, who had kindly consented to present the prizes won during the past season.

The Chairman, at the conclusion of the ceremony, expressed the gratitude of all members to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas for coming that evening, and for their generosity in providing the most valuable of the prizes.

Mrs. Thomas, in response, said it was a pleasure to her to have done something to help the club, and was glad to know what she had done was appreciated.

The prize list was as follows: Spoons (presented by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas), G. T. Little, E. Hobbs, J. Sutton, W. Renwick, Thomas Smith, J. Ridel; prizes presented by the club, G. T. Little, G. Hammond, J. Sutton, Thomas Smith and W. Renwick.

CATSFIELD

The services at the Parish Church, on Sunday, June 1st, will be taken by the Rev. G. M. Custance, M.A., of St. Michael's School, Bognor, as the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews will be away at Arundel with the 1st Sussex Yeomanry, who will be in camp there. He is one of the Chaplains.

The services in connection with the Catsfield Memorial Wesleyan Church were continued on Sunday last, and there was great interest taken in them, the congregations being large. The Rev. A. J. Summerfield, formerly of the Hastings Circuit, who preached the last sermon in the old chapel, took the services in the afternoon and evening. The reverend gentleman took for his text in the afternoon, Proverbs 23, 26, and on these words founded an eloquent and appropriate sermon, enforcing the need of personal religion. In the evening the text selected was Joshua iv., 21 and 22. It was a sermon in every way suited to the occasion, and will long live in the memory of many of those who heard it. Mrs. Summerfield, whose gifts as a vocalist have always been much appreciated in the Circuit, gave a solo in the evening entitled "Son of my soul," being accompanied by Miss Louie Blackman, the organist.

WEDDING AT CATSFIELD.

Catsfield Parish Church was the venue of an interesting wedding on Saturday, when Miss Harriett Wright, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, of Catsfield, was married to Mr. Walter Arthur Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morris, of Haddocks Hill, Bexhill.

There were a number of friends present at the church. The Rector of Catsfield, the the church. The Rector officiated.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. J. Wright, wore a dress of cream cashmere trimmed with old lace, and also an orange blossom veil, kindly lent by Mrs. Birchett, of Bexhill, and she also carried a bouquet of whie flowers, the gift of the bridegroom.

Four young ladies attended the bride, Misses C. Wright, sister of the bride, Miss E. Morris, sister of the bridegroom, Miss E. Hurst, cousin of the bride, and Miss D. Torrance, a personal friend. Their dresses were of cream casement cloth with panels of cream lace, and white hats trimmed with white silk.

Mr. C. Philcox accompanied the bridegroom as best man.

The reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, a numerous company of friends attending. The wedding cake, of tasteful design, was supplied by Mr. C. J. Honisett, Catsfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris will reside at Windsor Road, Bexhill.

The wedding presents included the following:—

Bride to bridegroom, dressing case.
Bridegroom to bride, gold locket and chain.
Bride's mother, linen and kitchen ware.
Mrs. and Miss Morris, knives and forks.
Mr. J. Wright, cheque.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Hopper, bed.
Mr. and Mrs. Morris (grandparents) Damask table cloth.
Mrs. C. Hurst, silver butter knife.
Mrs. Greenhill, blankets.
Miss F. Philcox, Damask table cloth.
Miss D. Torrance, marble clock and toilet mats.
Mr. and Mrs. G. Clifton, tea pot.
Miss M. Philcox and Miss Laking, set of brushes and fruit dishes.
Miss E. Ford, trinket set.
Miss I. Walters, vase.
Miss C. Wright, bread knife and board.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Philcox, set of china jugs.
Mrs. Hodgskin, soup plates.
Mrs. H. Saxby, breakfast cups and saucers.
Miss D. Saxby, lamp.
A friend, Damask table cloth.
Mrs. H. Wait and family, afternoon tea cloth and toilet cover.
Mrs. Walton, cheque.
Mrs. Ransom, tea spoons.
Miss Victoria Vandersluy, blankets.
Mrs. Hayler, pair of pictures.
Mrs. F. Parker, afternoon tea cloth.
Mrs. Sheldrake, piece of old-fashioned china.
Miss Kathlene Saxby, cake tin.
Mrs. W. Philcox, pair photo frames.
Mr. C. Jarman, fruit dish and salt cellars
Miss C. Sargent, salt cellars.
Mrs. Sargent, wine.
Mrs. Hyland, hot water jug.
Mr. F. Hyland, brass jug.
Miss E. and A. Wait, butter dish.
Mr. F. Philcox, set of saucepans.
Miss Edith Frost, pair of pictures.
Miss E. Hyland, silver shoe.
Miss M. Philcox, glass fruit dish.
Mrs. Scrivens, pair of fruit dishes and table cover.
The staff, cheque.
Mrs. Appleford, money.
Miss Olive Smith, toilet set.
Mr. C. Philcox, pair of brackets.